ABOUT TIME

THE UNAUTHORIZED GUIDE TO DOCTOR WHO

1963–1966

SEASONS 1 TO 3

Essays

TAT WOOD & LAWRENCE MILES

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an unearthly child
1.1

Where Did *All* of This Come From?

For the purposes of this essay and much of the rest of this book, the world came into existence in January 1960.

The BBC had existed since 1922 in some form, and television began on 2nd of November, 1936 (although Nazi Germany had been broadcasting a limited service for a year before that). Commercial television started in 1955, two years after the Queen's Coronation had inspired millions to buy sets. All of this led to what's usually termed the "duopoly" as tram companies, music-hall owners and caterers set up local commercial franchises but tried to look responsible and established, while the BBC tried to look youthful and relevant. The government was beginning to wonder whether having something publicly-owned but not state-controlled was such a good idea. They got a committee of the Great and Good, such as boxer Freddie Mills and writer/actress Joyce Grenfell, to sit in judgement on the future of Broadcasting.

While they deliberated, Hugh Carleton Greene - brother of novelist Graham Greene, and scion of the Greene King brewery chain (see 19.2,"Four to Doomsday") - became Director-General of the BBC. Rather than wait for the committee to decide its fate, Greene came out fighting. In January 1960, within days of starting work, he used his contacts (he was a journalist first and foremost) to investigate flaws in the companies holding ITV franchises. Under Greene, the BBC in general and television in particular was more confident than ever before. In fact, it was downright bellicose. As it turned out, the committee was favourable, and one of the suggestions was that if the BBC were to try to take on ITV at popular mainstream programming, then it should get a separate channel for less orthodox, minority, "public service" television.

Michael Barry, who'd been head of the Drama Department since 1950, left in September 1961 partly because of the shift in emphasis from plays to serials. The following January would see the start of the first outright "soap" on BBC TV, *Compact,* and the radical new cop-show *Z Cars* (see the essay after 2.1, "Planet of Giants"). In the six months since April 1961, when Stuart Hood had taken over as Controller of BBC TV Programmes, Greene's policy of undercutting the ITV companies without surrendering quality had been followed with such zeal that it had started to make many old Corporation hands nervous. Not half as nervous as they got in January 1963, when their biggest rival was poached from ABC for £2,000 more per year than his new boss, but that's yet to come. This is the context, and a lot of what will be said in this volume will only make sense with that in mind.

Now, let's step back and start at the beginning.

May 1960 sees the head of the BBC Script Department set up a body to look into new subjects. It's called the Survey Group, he's called Donald Wilson, and in spring 1962 the Group is asked to investigate the dramatic possibilities of science fiction.

This is thought to be very BBC-ish material, because although monsters and spaceships are popular on the big screen (and *Quatermass* worked when viewer expectations were lower), it's the more speculative, social-commentary form of SF that they're interested in exploiting. Kingsley Amis - in his book *New Maps of Hell* - has made it seem that anything not satirical is inferior, but that the satirical SF of *Galaxy* magazine and the various anthologies edited by Brian Aldiss is the only relevant fiction of the age. Alice Frick and John Braybon, of the Survey Group, submit a three- page proposal that's critical of efforts to make SF work on television and queries whether the printed form is suitable for mass audiences. BBC thinking, in the main, is that original ideas should be televisual first and SF second. The conclusion of this first report is simple: SF can be done well on television, but only for literate adults who can mull over the implications of what they're seeing. Mainstream audiences and children need visual "clues',' which are risky because they look silly unless done better than is affordable.

But within weeks, over on the London weekend station ABC, the massively successful drama strand *Armchair Theatre* did exactly what Frick said was impossible. The series has been making one play in four "experimental" including a play about stranded astronauts. (Hilariously, the critic of *The Times* dismisses the play in question - *The Man Out There* - as far-fetched. A month or so later, Yuri Gagarin goes into space.) Now it makes an adaptation of John Wyndham's *Dumb Martian* as the pilot for an SF adaptation series, *Out of This World.* This is overtly modelled on *The Twilight Zone,* with a dinner-suited Boris Karloff introducing every story just like Rod Serling.

The same company is also scoring a big critical and commercial hit with *The Avengers,* a series which has transformed itself from just-another- crime-show to *almost* the series you're thinking of, but at this stage it's still made in a TV studio and shot as-if-live. (If you get a chance, look at a few of the Honor Blackman episodes to get a feel for what could be done this way, and thus how much more ambitious *Doctor Who* was.) The Prime Mover of this little empire is Sydney Newman, 'a Canadian who looked like a Mexican', whose deal with ABC is £8,500, a free mortgage and a Jaguar; presumably the car, not the cat, but in his case we can't assume too much. Through a series of Byzantine secret meetings and lunches, the BBC somehow manages to poach him for rather less, although more than most BBC senior staff. And Newman likes SF.

He joins in January 1963, at the same time that a former journalist on *Tonight-* Donald Baverstock, source of the aforementioned "Mexican" comment - becomes head of what's now called BBC1. It's been renamed because the government has agreed on the creation of a BBC2, for the "less orthodox" programmes, and it's clear that the Drama Department will need rethinking and more money. The money comes almost immediately, so Newman sets about revolutionising everything.

Alice Frick's final report is less than complementary about *Out of This World[* especially the robots and monsters. Instead, from a suggestion by Aldiss, the Survey Group looks into the idea behind Poul Anderson's book

The Guardians of Time and suggests a "Z *Cars* of Science Fiction" Individual stories within an overall framework, with strong characterisation and no Bug-Eyed Monsters. See 3.1, "Galaxy Four" for what else follows Frick's memo. By this time, Baverstock has realised that there's a need for a family-friendly adventure programme on Saturdays at around six o'clock.

When we think about a family-friendly SF series, two possibilities already exist in the early 1960s. One is the puppets-and-explosions style of Gerry Anderson, although in this era only *Fireball XL5* conforms to what we think of as "classic" Anderson. The other is *Pathfinders*. In this we have a family jetting off to other planets, the kids getting into scrapes and explaining basic science to the viewers, plus a stowaway nasty scientist (George Colouris; he's Arbitan in 1.5, "The Keys of Marinus") and a "proper" scientist (Gerald Flood; he's the King, sort of, in 20.6,"The King's Demons"). It looks smug, didactic and frightfully BBC, but it was made by... Sydney Newman at ABC. Newman, unsurprisingly, advocates a similar format for whatever new show the BBC puts on after *Juke Box Jury*.

Frick's notes are refined by C. E. Webber, her colleague. "Bunny" Webber (no, we don't know why either) issues a ruthlessly functional character breakdown of what kind of protagonists will work for the anticipated audience, ruling out children as young viewers don't take to them, and recommending a thirty-year-old man and a slightly younger woman as principals. There should also be an older man, whose advice is sought, and an HQ combining hi-tech gubbins with Victoriana. Newman wants a young girl to make mistakes and be "kooky" (Or, more accurately, "Kooky" As in the character from US cop show 77 *Sunset Strip*, with jive-talk and an off-beat style that had made a big impact with teenagers and - shortly thereafter - advertisers.) He also wants the older man to be almost the antagonists law unto himself. We hesitate to use the words "pot" and "kettle" here. Wilson's idea of a time machine that can go forwards, backwards and sideways in time appeals to Newman, and a story proposal in which the crewmembers are shrunk to one inch in height and left in a lab seems like the ideal starting-point. Newman puts one other recommendation verbally: the old man is a fugitive from the future.

Now things accelerate. Newman's regime has put the idea of a production-team-per-series into place, instead of the usual BBC practice of producer / directors using any staff needed on the day. The new programme has a team including Rex Tucker, a staff director who's now made acting producer (and who may have proposed the title *Doctor Who),* and a budget and studio allocation: £2,300 per episode, and Studio D at Lime Grove. Bunny Webber's still involved, making notes on the technicalities and the characters. Biddy, the girl, is fifteen years old and speaks slang but not dialect. Lola McGovern is 24 and timid. Cliff is 27 and athletic. Dr Who is 650 and an amnesiac. Lola and Cliff are schoolteachers, while Dr Who has an invisible time machine that needs repair, but they can't get the spares in the present or the past. One of the party has to stay behind in the machine to make sure they get back to 1963 at the end of each adventure.

Close... but not quite. Newman hates the "invisible machine" gimmick. Henceforth it's a ship with an identifiable shape. By 15th of May, this is a police box that's bigger-on-the-inside-than-on- the-outside. Wilson (now Head of Serials), Newman and Webber have all signed the document, but incoming writer Anthony Coburn is the one who suggests the police box. Baverstock's impressed. They now have two months before filming starts in July. In early June, Tucker asks his friend Hugh David if he'd like to be the Doctor. David has just been in a long-running series, *Knight Errant*, and wants to try directing instead (see 4.4, 'The Highlanders"; 5.6, "Fury from the Deep"; and indirectly 4.5, "The Underwater Menace"). Because of the technical oddities, Mervyn Pinfield has been hired as associate producers his series *The Monsters* is deemed to have solved various previously-intractable problems. Newman wants Don Taylor to be producer. Taylor will go on to have a distinguished career in drama, but still kicks himself for saying no to Newman.

The next person Newman asks is one of his ABC subordinates, Verity Lambert.

You may have heard an urban myth about an actor dying on live TV and everyone covering it up. It's no myth, and it was Lambert who fixed it. (It was called *Underground*, TX 28/11/58, and it starred Peter Bowles and Warren Mitchell. The late Gareth Jones also appeared, to begin with at least. It was

about people stuck on a tube-train after an explosion.) Sydney Newman takes notice of things like this. Lambert's forthright, direct approach - or, as Newman put it, 'piss and vinegar' - is to make a lot of BBC executives eat their words; even so, she's described in the press handouts as a "27-year-old girl'.'At this point in time a producer is more or less left alone unless something goes horribly wrong, so from now on *Doctor Who* is her responsibility, almost completely.

Now, disaster strikes, and being the BBC it's all down to paperwork. Lime Grove Studio D is really the runt of the litter. It's pokey, it's badly-lit, it has no back-projection facilities and it's upstairs. The lift for props isn't big enough for the usual *Dixon of Dock Green* police box prop, so a slightly smaller one will have to be built. All the electrical equipment has to be stored in the studio itself, and in summer it's an oven even with the lights off. And it's not big enough for the giant-scale sets required for the debut story. Every other suitable studio has been earmarked. The simple fact is that the only completed script, 'The Giants', can't physically be made with the resources allocated. Coburn's caveman script, originally to have been Story Two, is made the debut.

Lambert asks Terence Dudley if he wants to help, and is given a dusty answer (see 18.2, "Meglos" for the first of his eventual contributions to the series). Newman has roped in former colleague John Lucarotti to rewrite his old Marco Polo script as a possible third story, and incoming Story Editor David Whitaker - pulling in a few favours - has got Terry Nation a gig writing a space story. But with the dispute over whether they can use the newly-built, bigger, better-resourced studios at Television Centre running on, no-one knows what's logistically possible, so no finalised scripts or lists of sets and props are available. This close to the intended start-date, these delays can't be accommodated.

Coburn's script for the first story is coming along, though, and the characters have new names. Whitaker takes advantage of Coburn's changes and defuses the potential prurience by making "Sue" the Doctor's granddaughter, thus opening a different can of worms altogether. Newman is still keen for the series to be didactic and based in facts. Whitaker has decided that the cavemen will have to be able to speak intelligible English. Coburn has said that Suzanne (another near-miss... the girl was also going to be called "Mandy

'at one stage) is royalty, Whitaker that the Doctor should be played like the Wizard of Oz.

Meanwhile, Lucino Visconti's film *The Leopard (II Gattopardo)* has opened in London, and Lambert notices that one short, middle-aged English actor is holding her attention despite the lavish sets, Claudia Cardinale's chest and Burt Lancaster. Leslie French is her idea of the Doctor. French thinks otherwise. Cyril Cusack (Whitaker's idea) and Geoffrey Bayldon (he's the astrologer Organon in 17.3,"The Creature from the Pit" and much later voiced the Doctor in Big Finish's *Unbound* series) also decline. Rex Tucker has sort-of-left by now, and his casting suggestions for the female leads are dumped.

On the plus side, Coburn's thought of a catchy acronym for the Ship. Pinfield's been in touch with Bernard Lodge about a title sequence using howl-round; point a camera at its own monitor, set up a feedback loop with a torch or a match flaring, then mix in other images from a rostrum camera. It's been done before, notably in the opera *Amahl and the Night Visitors,* and a large amount of test-film exists for Lodge to show to Lambert (the first five seconds of the original *Doctor Who* titles are Ben Palmer's *Amahl* work... but we'll go into more detail under 4.7, "The Macra Terror"). And after a few false trails, they've got Ron Grainer to write a theme and Delia Derbyshire at the BBC Radiophonic Workshop to make it out of odds and ends (see **How Important is the Music?** under 9.3,"The Sea Devils").

By the end of July, they have the cast, the set-up and the "trademarks" They can now make the series we all know today. Except that they didn't, to start with...

Who *Really* Created the Daleks?

Well, everyone knows the answer to this one: Davros. Even though a completely different "origin" story is to be found in the *Dalek Pocketbook and Space Travellers' Guide* (which differs only slightly from the version of Dalek history described in the *TV 21* comic-strip in 1965), since "Genesis of the Daleks" (12.4) the Skaroine horde has had a single, definitive creator. Yarvelling - an engineer who survived the holocaust on Skaro, and developed protection for the mutants - is replaced in "Genesis" by Davros, who foresaw the mutation and deliberately accelerated it. Whereas Yarvelling traveled the universe to collect the Flidor Gold and Silcronium needed to construct the casings, Davros sat in his bunker and proclaimed there was no life in the seven galaxies.

Of course, many people would say that the Daleks were created by Terry Nation. It says so in the credits of all the Dalek stories written by other people, except "The Power of the Daleks" (4.3) and "The Evil of the Daleks" (4.9), where the production-teams forgot and a BBC announcer had to point it out instead. Indeed, if you play *Trivial Pursuit*, you may be under the impression that Nation created *Doctor Who*. All scripts using the Daleks had to be cleared by Nation, and his agent Roger Hancock zealously preserved all rights and merchandising revenue. And this has long been seen as a little unfair, as all Nation did was write a sketchy three-line description of a metal box and a grating voice, with a throwaway mention of the Georgian State Dancers. In the eyes of most fans, the real creative genius was the set designer, Raymond P.Cusick.

When the BBC hierarchy announced a new, regular family space adventure, the Visual Effects Department voiced grave concerns. Not to put too fine a point on it, they refused to touch *Doctor Who*. To commit themselves to something like this would require them to either not do anything else or do slapdash work. So the

decision was made to assign all special effects in the series to the same unit that made the sets and props. Thus the Dalek city and the occupants were integrated visually, and Nation's one-sentence description became part of Cusick's overall strategy to remove right- angles from all the worlds he created. Cusick's starting-point was that an occupant had to operate the prop, and that this would be best done on wheels, sitting down. Everything else - manipulation, shooting and vision - was based around this. The idea that the Daleks pick up static electricity from the floor was a late addition, and was Mervyn Pinfield's contribution (see also 2.1, "Planet of Giants" where once again the end of the story was suggested by what was possible).

The *real* genius of the Dalek design is this: it's the greatest of all predators. Predation is, almost by definition, the scariest thing a living being can imagine. In any children's fiction, the biggest predator is the best villain, which is why the tyrannosaurus rex is every boy's favourite dinosaur and why could-have-been Dalek designer Ridley Scott made sure that the monster in *Alien* looked like a combination of as many cannibalistic, man-eating entities as possible (including giant spiders, World War One German soldiers and a certain part of the female anatomy).

The Dalek is less visceral, but in effect it's a predator for an industrial society. It's every machine that might possibly hurt children, and key to this is the fact that *it doesn't have a proper face.* Both Nation and Cusick wanted to avoid it looking like a man in a suit, yet this is only half the story. The Dalek's head-piece and eye-stalk make clear that this is a self-willed thing, that it's a kind of mechanised, technological life-form, but at the same time - and in a way no other screen monster has been able to match - it has no hint of an expression, nothing to link it to humanity or suggest that it's anything but a threat. Even Cybermen have features. Give a Dalek *two* eye-stalks, and it becomes altogether too familiar.

"Genius" is probably the word. If the creature seems vaguely ludicrous *now,* then it's only because we've had four decades of jokes about stairs, but try coming across one unexpectedly (difficult, we admit, although it has been done) and see how big a start you get. It simultaneously hits a primal human nerve, and reminds you of every time you've felt a bit anxious about the mechanism on the back of a dustcart. Yet, despite this stroke of greatness, as a BBC staff member Ray Cusick

wasn't allowed the same copyright privileges as a freelance writer such as Nation. Eventually Cusick's basic fee was augmented with an *ex gratia* payment of £100 and a gold *Blue Peter* badge. The BBC still owns the rights to the Dalek design, even as the Terry Nation estate owns the name and the "concept"

All very well, say Nation's advocates, but the basic idea of a world ravaged by atomic war leading the survivors to encase themselves in metal was all Nation's work. Well... not exactly. Remember the rapacious agent, Roger Hancock? His brother was Tony Hancock, the comedian for whom Nation wrote. Tony Hancock dominated British comedy in the 1950s, making decisions that defied the "rules" of radio, and later television. If you go from this essay to look at the one under "The Reign of Terror" (1.8), then you'll get some idea of how influential *Hancock's Half Hour* was.

When Hancock left the BBC, and his writers Ray Galton and Alan Simpson (creators of *Steptoe and Son*, which we've already mentioned), it was as much to do with his ambition to be taken seriously as a thinker and auteur as because of all the cash he was offered. One series he proposed was a bleak comedy history of the world from the cavemen to the apocalypse. He called it *From Plip to Plop,* and in the final episode the last survivors of a nuclear war took refuge in dustbins and evolved into mutants who ate radiation. Hancock's reaction at the Daleks' success was similar to that of Cusick: peeved amusement, with a bit of admiration for Nation's gall.(It has to be said, though... as a 1950s self-styled intellectual, Hancock was bound to have seen Samuel Beckett's play *Endgame*, in which the last four residents of the world while away their hours in futile power- games. Two of them live in dustbins.)

If we look at the first storyline submitted by Nation, then it's obvious that a lot of the ideas he'd later use are already there, but also that David Whitaker stood over him and insisted on a lot of rewrites. Whitaker was responsible for much of what became Dalek lore, and also wrote the comic strip for *TV 21* (see also 3.2, "Mission to the Unknown" and 25.1, "Remembrance of the Daleks"). While the scarred, desperate technocrats seen in the Daleks' debut were the result of an accidental collaboration between Ray Cusick, Samuel Beckett, the Georgian State Dancers and Tony Hancock, the concept of the Daleks as galaxy-dominating forces

of darkness was Whitaker's work. With, it has to be said, some creative input from Adolf Hitler.

What Makes the TARDIS Work?

Well, for a start, we're not going to say "The Eye of Harmony'. According to "The Deadly Assassin" (14.3), this mysterious force is to be found on the Doctor's homeworld and lies at the heart of all time-travelling power, which may or may not mean that TARDISes literally "tap" it whenever they go anywhere. According to the TV Movie (27.0), every TARDIS has an Eye of its own. According to fan-lore (and, all right, the novelisation of the TV Movie), that means the one on the TARDIS is just a conduit for the big Eye back home.

Maybe it is, maybe it isn't. The exact location of the fuel supply isn't the issue. And if we're talking about TARDIS-power, then it seems inescapably true that we're talking about two separate power- sources anyway. One runs the Ship's systems, life- support, fault locator and so on, while the other sends the Ship through time and space. The former can be tapped, occasionally, for powering other things (as we see in 3.1,"Galaxy Four"). We're not really very interested in this, and it could be a peat-fired turbine for all we care; after all, if you've got the resources of the whole of universal history at your disposal then it's not as if you're going to run out of peat.

More interesting is the time-travel facility, Eye-of-Harmony-related or not. In "The Edge of Destruction" it's strongly hinted that there's a power-source under the console which is somehow alive, attracted to large gravitational fields and capable of destroying the Ship if set free. And intriguingly, it gets more and more dangerous as the travellers go further and faster back in time. In "Castrovalva" (19.1) a nearly-identical scenario shows us something called 'the time-force', which is like mega-gravity, from the field of the Big Bang. The Wheel in Space" (5.7) hints that somehow mercury is important in all of this, not just as a means of making intermittent connections but because of its curious magical properties. (We'll explore the strange world of Whitaker

Science under "The Wheel in Space" but it's not for the faint-hearted or the scientifically-literate.)

Let's assume, for the moment, that the power in question is that wonderful stuff known as artron energy ("The Deadly Assassin" again, and 19.2, "Four to Doomsday"). A quick glance at the possible odd effects of this - **What *is* the Blinovich Limitation Effect?** under 20.3, "Mawdryn Undead" - would seem to suggest that it's a byproduct of "collapsing" waves of probability. If you're up to speed on quantum physics, then you should know what's coming next. If not, then it's too complicated and weird to explain in detail here.

Just accept for a moment that particles below atom-scale aren't really "particles" but areas of probability, tendencies towards particle-ness, until someone actively looks for them. Once a conscious observer examines the scene, a particle distils itself from the possibility of being somewhere-around-here to being wherever the observer happens to be looking. Well, we said it was weird. So what happens to all that potential for there to be particles? In mainstream quantum theory, the energy of that area is made into mass as the particle resolves. The process is called "collapsing" a wave.

Now, this would seem to fit the bill. As you go further back in time, there's obviously going to be more potential, with more things yet to definitely happen or exist. If the TARDIS has a sort of accumulator battery to soak up artron energy from travelling forwards in time (as things go from possible to actual) and expend it in going backwards, then there'd seem to be a pattern. A logical consequence of this is that the TARDIS can only gain power where there are conscious beings, and it *does* have a remarkable talent for picking out the inhabited planets in the universe. Even given that there seems to be a greater proportion of occupied worlds in the *Doctor Who* cosmos than one might expect, it's notable that - for example - the Ship only ends up straying near Pluto once there are people present (15.4,"The Sun Makers").

And there's another interesting piece of evidence to back this up. The Ship's systems may all run off a different power-source, yet the one part of the "routine" operation of the Ship that's got more to do with the drive than with the lights, the food machine, etc is the door control. After all, this is the

interface between dimensions. So we can see that the doors opening in "The Edge of Destruction',' or indeed "Planet of Giants" (2.1), is significant. And on two separate occasions, the Doctor is able to bypass a problem with the doors by using his ring (2.5, "The Web Planet" and 3.4, "The Daleks' Master Plan"). What's so special about this ring? We're never told, but very shortly after he transforms into a new man (4.3,"The Power of the Daleks") he discards the ring, after treasuring it as if his life depended upon it.

"Mawdryn Undead" seems to imply that regeneration and time-travel both require large amounts of artron energy. The Doctor's ring would therefore seem to represent some kind of back-up supply, to be used as and when he needs to jump- start the TARDIS or regenerate (as we'll see in Volume II, his first transformation is more complicated and apparently more dangerous than all the others).The other part of the Ship which interacts with the outside world is the scanner, and that's got some odd features too. Its 'collection-field' is said to furnish the Matrix with data (23.1, "The Mysterious Planet"), so the images shown are more than just TV feed from the lamp on top of the police box. They'd appear to be selected from local consciousnesses, where present (see 19.4, "The Visitation" for a noteworthy example).

In pondering all this, a curious thought arises. As discussed under "Planet of Evil" (13.2, **What Does Anti-Matter Do?),** there was once a theory that anti-matter was regular matter running backwards through time. Nobody takes that seriously any more, but what if the direction in which a TARDIS travels affects its relationship with the exterior cosmos? In short, does it attract when it goes backwards and repel when it goes forwards? If so, then by hurtling backwards in "The Edge of Destruction" it may be forcing matter to coalesce, thus creating a solar system. Possibly *the* solar system. And then the Doctor lectures Barbara on changing history in "The Aztecs"...? Honestly.

In "The Edge of Destruction" the Doctor talks about the attraction of the nascent solar system as a 'strong force'. If we get all quantum about it, then there *is* a thing known as the Strong Force, but it only really works inside atoms. There's also a Weak Force, which works over longer distances. The Strong force is repulsive, the Weak force attractive. If travelling backwards in time switches these around, then things could get very odd indeed. In fact, what's the opposite of going from probable to actual? Going from less likely to

more likely, i.e. entropy. Artron energy could be some kind of anti-entropy (see **What Do The Guardians Do?** under 16.1, "The Ribos Operation', for why this might be important). Or then again, it could be something altogether weirder, which would be fun.

Whom Did They Meet at the Roof of the World?

Peruse *A Description of the World* by Marco Polo (actually mainly the work of arch-fibber Rusticello of Pisa, with whom Marco shared a cell), and you'll find no mention of blue boxes. Neither is there anything about a Great Wall, something you'd expect a Venetian to notice; he mentions a boundary in the Caucasus, which he hasn't personally seen. And in seventeen years at the Chinese court, no-one offers him a cup of tea.

We can't be sure that Marco didn't write about all these things. There are so many corrupted versions of the original forty-page book, and the earliest extant edition is from 1351, long after he died. However, most historians now conclude - reluctantly, because it's a great read nevertheless - that Marco probably never got further than Karakoram. Everything after that is either Rusticello's retelling of an old story, or based on tales from other merchants. The truth would seem to be that history's most famous traveller didn't really go to that many places.

In the days when Marco Polo was a solid historical figure to be found at the court of Mighty Kublai Khan, we could make-believe that the Doctor's adventure in Cathay was real. But if he never went there, then precisely who was it accompanying the TARDIS crew across the Singing Sands and thwarting the dastardly Tegana every twenty-five minutes? Even if he gave a false name to Barbara (and by some fluke made up a name identical to the most famous Italian-in- China never to have been), we still have to account for a European serving the Emperor and some how vanishing from all the documentation. The imperial oligarchy - the most rigorously-trained and punctilious bureaucracy the world has ever known, which invented paper specifically to document everything in triplicate - failed to record any Italian merchant rising in the ranks.

The Khan had met several Europeans. In 1245, a Franciscan called Giovanni di Piano Carpini was sent by the Pope. Carpini was over sixty and fat, and his translator was worse than useless, but he went from Lyon to Karakorum as part of Innocent IV's cunning plan to stop Europe falling to the Mongols. Carpini's mission was to convert Genghis Khan's sons, one of whom was Kublai Khan's dad. Eight years later, the King of France sent another Franciscan, Guillaume de Roubrouck. And Innocent sent another mission, under a prat called Anselm, which was a disaster.

But the presence of all these Westerners is recorded, as is that of many Muslim travellers. Intriguingly, Marco Polo's account uses Persian names, omits any reference to pork (the staple of Chinese food), and claims that Messer Marco supervised the use of Persian military hardware in the siege of Siang-Yang-Fu, which hints at a Muslim source for his stories. There's no mention of the Chinese practice of foot-binding, either, which is something a Muslim almost certainly wouldn't have discussed and a European almost certainly would.

Around 1280, Brother John of Monte Corvino claimed to have baptised six-thousand people in the church he'd built in Peking. In the eleven years before he wrote to his order and requested more books, he also claimed to have taught Greek, Latin and musical notation to 150 boys, sending them off to teach others in turn. Maybe one of these boys grew up to be the fake "Marco" our heroes meet. Again, that he identifies himself to Barbara and Ian as "Marco Polo" from Venice is a baffling thing to make up, but it *has* to be false. Note that when Barbara asks him if he is who she thinks he is, he never bothers asking her where she's heard of him, as if the name's already become an all-purpose cover-story by this point.

In 1368, a resurgence of Chinese nationalism finally closed off all contact with outside traders for almost five centuries. There's no indication of any attempt to rewrite history, as had happened when the Chin dynasty had begun and the original Great Wall had been constructed, and if "our" Marco had been Tipp-Ex'd out of the record then why not all those other westerners? Was a time-traveller responsible for purging the histories? Again and again, there's the nagging sense that there's something not quite *normal* about the man we see beavering away at his journal for these seven episodes, this wandering impersonator who accepts the idea of time-travel within seconds and believes

the TARDIS to be a flying caravan with no evidence but Ian's word.

One westerner who was reputed to have been in Cathay before the thirteenth century was Prester John. He's now largely believed to have been fictitious, a Frenchman (some versions say English) who traded with the East about a century earlier. Marco mentions him in passing on a number of occasions. Now, if someone not-quite-natural with pale skin and blue eyes had been in the region for over a hundred years - and wanted to avoid nosy people like the Doctor asking too many questions - then he might feasibly have claimed to be Marco Polo. If Marco never got as far as Peking, then the impostor could have spent an entire career posing as the Venetian, knowing that any traces he left behind would be covered by the real Marco's fiction...

Can You Rewrite History, Even One Line?

Over the years, the series has presented us with a set of irreconcilable views of time-travel. One week we may be hard-line determinists, the next we may be stoic existentialists, and the week after that we may be quantum-mystical monadists. One story assumes History-with-a-capital-H to be a living, intelligent force, the way Hegel said it was (we'll explain all of this in a bit), while the following adventure depicts history as a set of contingencies and accidents.

We'll be presenting one possible model in **How Does Time Work?** underlay of the Daleks" (9.1), but even *that* isn't waterproof. To sum it up here: the only people immune to causality are the Doctor's people. Every other sentient being has consciousness, though not true "free will? The presence of free will alone can rewrite history, and those who fly TARDISes are the only ones who have it, at least as far as we know. This accounts for a number of seeming anomalies. And yet, the Doctor is terrified that his human associates will somehow wreck the timelines. Three times in the first year, even leaving aside the unscreened pilot episode, the Doctor admonishes the crew for attempting to change events. If history - or History - is running on pre-determined lines, then what possible effect could Barbara have? You could argue that as a traveller under the Doctor's protection, she counts as an extension of the Doctor's free will; you could even argue that it's the presence of a TARDIS which makes the difference, not the presence of its pilot. But this still leaves occasional oddities, like the potential ruined Earth that Sarah sees in "Pyramids of Mars" (13.3).

More importantly, why is Earth's history sacrosanct, and not Skaro's or Traken's? An obvious answer would be that the people doing the intervening

might never be born if their own world's history is amended, but this doesn't wash. If the history of Vortis were to be altered, for example, then the great fire of Rome wouldn't have happened. (No, think about it. Even though the TARDIS goes to Vortis *after* the fire, Rome is founded by people who are descended from Vicki's boyfriend's cousin in 3.3, "The Myth Makers" No Menoptera, no Doctor, therefore no Trojan Horse.) People crossing time and space make every world's history equally contingent.

Moreover, the future of Earth - with respect to the human time-travellers - is up for grabs. By the time we get to "The Moonbase" (4.6), it's every time-traveller's moral imperative to fight evil, even if 2070 is ancient history for Vicki or Steven. Ian and Barbara remember meeting people from the twenty-eighth century (1.7, "The Sensorites"), so they can be confident that the Dalek conquest isn't permanent (2.2, "The Dalek Invasion of Earth"). Yet any action they take is apparently improvised, not following a "plan" like the death of Robespierre or the rise of Napoleon (1.8, "The Reign of Terror"). If they'd left in the TARDIS in the 2160s, allowing the Earth to be either destroyed or turned into a Dalek spaceship, then somehow they wouldn't be committing as big a crime as if they'd prevented Barrass and Bonaparte meeting in a pub one night.

When a viewer asked about this in the early days, script editor David Whitaker wrote:

"The basis of time travelling is that all things that happen are fixed and unalterable, otherwise of course the whole structure of existence would be thrown into unutterable confusion and the purpose of life itself would be destroyed. Doctor Who is an observer. What we are concerned with is that history, like justice, is not only done but can be seen to be done"

Whitaker's comment about "the purpose of life itself" is striking. Not only does he seem to have an idea of what that purpose is, he's confident that there is one at all. Aside from anything else, it's interesting that the characters in Whitaker's own scripts who act as if they've figured out the Meaning of Existence are all mad or evil. But the tone of his reply might hint that, once again, free will is the issue here. In this case, the Doctor isn't free to interfere because it'd destroy the freedom of everyone else in creation. History can't be changed, not because we don't have free will but because free will has to

mean something in the long-term. Note, especially, how Whitaker instinctively links history with a need for justice. Justice is meaningless in a predetermined universe. His script for "The Evil of the Daleks" (4.9) makes it clear that a free choice between good and evil is one of the basics of humanity.

Shortly before the French Revolution, German philosopher Hegel (from whom most of the Enlightenment values that *Doctor Who* champions can be said to start) suggested that there was a course of History - "Destiny" if you will - but that certain individuals have the power to divert it. This power he designated "charisma" from the Greek *kharis,* meaning "grace" The modern meaning of the word is a bit diluted, when applied to movie stars and recording artists, unless Cher really *can* turn back time. We might tentatively suggest that, aside from his own kind, people the Doctor "recruits" to travel with him possess it (maybe the TARDIS recognises it... see **Who Decides What Makes a Companion?** under 21.5,"Planet of Fire"). Alternatively, perhaps it's a side-effect of good old artron energy, and you get charisma just by virtue of travelling on a TARDIS. So certain time-travelling monsters might have it, too.

Whatever the mechanics, this Force of Destiny makes sure that certain key events happen willy-nilly, and guarantees that time isn't changed by annoying little butterfly-effect things like treading on the wrong small mammal in the Cretaceous era. This is certainly the logic at work in "The Aztecs" where the Doctor worries about Barbara trying to alter an entire civilisation while posing as a goddess... but has no objection to her changing *Autloc's* destiny, and never considers the possibility that Autloc himself might alter civilisation. The little man doesn't count. These days, we instinctively sense that small actions taken by one individual can catastrophically change the world, but the idea of history being shaped by "big" people was bound to be popular in the wake of Churchill, Hitler, Stalin et al. As the discussion at the end of "The Reign of Terror" makes clear, at this stage in his career the Doctor believes that Robespierre would always have met the same nasty end, no matter what the TARDIS crew did. Whitaker's prologue to the novelisation *Doctor Who and the Crusaders* tells you who wrote that scene.

An earlier German philosopher, Liebniz, had conjectured that individual consciousness was "along for the ride" but had no say in what happened in the universe. If you flip a light-switch, then it was always scheduled that the light would come on at that point. But God has a plan which requires the essences of things ("monads" which Liebniz sometimes used to mean "souls" and sometimes what we'd call "atoms") to be there playing their parts as witnesses, though not causally affecting one another. God's tried all the other ways that events could go, and has opted for this one.

The logical extension of this would be for one person's preordained role in the world - *scripted* role might be a better term - to occur regardless of what the world does, and therefore changing all of history is impossible. Barbara might have created a world in which Cortes never destroyed the Aztecs, but she'd be that world's only occupant. Something of this kind appears to befall the Doctor/s in "The Two Doctors" (22.4), when the Second Doctor is transformed into an Androgum. The Sixth Doctor is affected, even though we never saw the Doctors in-between sprout orange bushy eyebrows, and Peri wasn't eaten by a peckish Fifth Doctor when they first met. Her personal timeline isn't affected, but the Doctor's is, at least until it gets changed back.

Whitaker's successor as script editor, Dennis Spooner, quickly sets about undoing the theory that was spliced into the conclusion of his "Reign of Terror" script. We get three successive stories exploring the idea of altering history."The Chase" (2.8) begins with the Doctor being exactly the kind of observer Whitaker described, even using a glorified TV set to tune in to Shakespeare and the Beatles. By the end of the story, the Daleks have caused one of the great unsolved mysteries by landing on the *Mary Celeste."*The Space Museum" (2.7) hinges on the idea of alternative paths, and ends with the Doctor being freed from "inevitable" history by the companions overthrowing a military occupation. Time, we're told, has dimensions of its own. And, contrary to the notion that the Doctor's people alone can do it, he's asleep in a fridge when the key events take place.

History is no longer a place you visit, a landscape or a theme park, it's a process. In case this seems like a late reversal, consider how the presence of Vicki changes the dynamic of the series. She's the first future-human on board the TARDIS. She thinks of Ian, Barbara, John, Paul, George, Ringo and all of us at home in the same way that we think of Elizabeth I. By the same token,

1066 isn't something confined to textbooks, but a year with real people in it... and the Battle of Hastings could have gone either way (2.9, "The Time Meddler"). Nobody at the time thought of the Normans as unavoidably destined to rule, after all. The TARDIS crew shift from being observers to protectors of history.

Therefore, there's a *preferred* sequence of events, but not a pre-ordained one. The timestream, like any other stream, likes to follow a channel but can suffer a change of course if you put a big enough boulder in the way. The theological implications of a micro-managed causality are soft-pedalled, and after the Doctor's people are written into the format this isn't an issue. Yet, as we see in "Pyramids of Mars','it's still a murky area. A literal interpretation of the scene in the alternative 1980 would suggest that the arrival of a TARDIS makes history "soften", only to become "fixed" once the Ship leaves. Obviously, the presence of two or more time-travellers makes this more complex; see the essays under "The Mark of the Rani" (22.3) and "Mawdryn Undead" (20.3) for more. If this "soft" idea works, then what precisely happens in "The Space Museum" or "Inferno" (7.4)? These seem to involve disengagement from 'coterminous time' (to quote "the Two Doctors"), and a crossing-over to another "fixed" timeline, rather than rendering the normal timeline contingent and malleable. Both involve malfunctions with the console.

(Note that this "soft" idea is subtly different from another popular theory: that in its natural state, history isn't fixed at all, and only the presence of a TARDIS makes it inevitable. Or at least, inevitable unless someone does something truly catastrophic at an earlier point in time. While the "soft" option implies that the Doctor is putting time at risk just by travelling, *this* version implies that every definite event in history is his responsibility. It also explains why the Doctor can't actively change his own past, and it's a notion that was included by Virgin Publishing in the guidelines for the '90s novels. On-screen, the Doctor suggests something perilously similar in XI.13, "The Parting of the Ways" Russell T. Davies once wrote for the Virgin line, of course...)

We should also note that the Doctor's fear of changing history in "The Aztecs" seems to be prompted by a painful, personal memory rather than by mere theorising. When he's finally apprehended by his own kind (6.7, "The

War Games"), he's arraigned for interfering in the affairs of other races, not for altering history per se. We now know that the Doctor was on the run from people capable of detecting alterations in the timelines, so the assumption has been - since 1969, anyway - that his low profile in the early stories was simply an attempt to evade their gaze."Silver Nemesis"(25.3) opens up the possibility that there may have been something more dubious behind the Doctor's travels involving his own people's history...

How Telepathic is He?

In the novelisation of "The Nightmare Fair" (see Volume VI), Peri asks the Doctor if he might be a bit telepathic. He replies: 'You either are or you aren't. I aren't/Then adds: 'At least, not much.'

This is a pretty fair summary. There are stories where the Doctor gets the chance to read minds, as in "Kinda"(19.3).There are stories where he projects, or allows his thoughts to be read, as in "The Pirate Planet" (16.2). He and his people frequently hook themselves up to telepathic technology, even if the 'reflex link' in the Doctor's brain has been cauterised (15.2,The Invisible Enemy").

But for every one of these, there's an example of the Doctor being a non-entity, psychically speaking. The telepathic "primitives" on Uxarieus (8.4, "Colony in Space") can't detect the Doctor's thoughts, or else he'd never be able to fool the guards with his useless conjuring act. In the same story, the Guardian of the Doomsday Weapon doesn't seem to detect the Doctor or the Master's presence on the planet until they're in the room with him. True, the Doctor's people can shield their minds; "The Brain of Morbius" (13.5) finally comes out and admits it, after years of hi-jinks with mind probes from "The Space Museum" (2.7) onwards. But there's an anomaly or two even here.

We know that the Doctor and the Master are both formidable hypnotists. As presented in most of these cases, hypnosis is a matter of mental projection. A mind powerful enough to overwhelm another might not be receptive to weaker impulses. If we take the usual analogy of radio-waves, then the Doctor's ability to withstand onslaughts from beings like the Great Intelligence (5.2, "The Abominable Snowmen") would weigh against him being a natural telepath. Indeed, being receptive to mental impulses would seem to make you more vulnerable to mind-control or scanning by others. That's if we take the

radio idea as read.

Anyone familiar with pseudo-science of the early 1970s will have another possible "explanation" of this ability. A combination of half-digested quantum physics, Jungian psychology and decaf Buddhism led to a sort of orthodoxy. Basically, we're all part of the same nature, and consciousness makes particles behave in odd ways and relay that behaviour to their anti-particles (see **How Do You Transmit Matter?** under 17.4, "Nightmare of Eden" and **How Does Evil Work?** under 8.2, "The Mind of Evil"). Therefore, dreams allow access to the Collective Unconscious; beings with high mental ability can teleport and time- travel; and all conscious beings have the potential to make objects levitate, although most never do (11.5,"Planet of the Spiders" is a compendium of all this *Tomorrow People* twaddle). Hence, only the Doctor's ego gets between him and the true understanding of all things.

If this weren't the case, then the amount of suffering he routinely encounters would leave him traumatised, and totally incapable of killing. Maybe it does; he practices Aikido, a form of martial art which - putting it crudely - works by making the aggressor empathise with the victim. (Well, terrestrial Aikido does, so if Venusian Aikido doesn't then he ought to call it something else. See 10.5, "The Green Death" for an example.) Killing seems to upset him as an activity, as well as a necessity. Even the Sixth Doctor has these scruples, but note that the seemingly-innocent Fifth Doctor is actually more steeped in blood and less adept at psi-functions than the others. He never hypnotises anyone who isn't already under another influence.

In 26.3, "The Curse of Fenric" we see psychic phenomena of a different kind. The belief of any individual can create a mental barrier against the Haemovores. Ace and the Doctor are equally effective at this, more or less. By this stage we've had any amount of double-talk about the way degenerate matter releases energy on 'psychic frequencies'("The Pirate Planet'/again) and how even human psychic power is enough to reanimate Azal (8.5,"The Daemons"). Ordinarily, it seems, the Doctor's mind is no more "powerful" as a transmitter or receiver than anyone else's. But it *is* qualitatively different in what's transmitted or received, and better-trained. It would also appear, to take the metaphor from "The Sensorites" that the Doctor's mental 'eyelids' are

more solid. Yet, from other stories later on, this is open to question. Intriguingly, it's the original Doctor who's most able to resist mental assault (see 20.7, "The Five Doctors", for a very clear comparison), suggesting that the process of regeneration is one that opens him up mentally.

Finally, it's worth mentioning that according to "The Two Doctors" (22.4), human minds - unlike those of more developed beings - are hard to read because they're so 'flabby'. Possibly it's this that gives the Doctor his distinctive telepathic status, of being able to resist attacks but not particularly empathise. His mind is stuffed with hundreds of years of nonsense, more "human" even than our own, so no inherent telepathic ability is required. In "The Invasion of Time" (15.6), he can hold off the psychic advances of the Vardans simply *because* he's so easily distracted, while the sharp-minded Borusa wouldn't be able to last for a minute. This is far more in keeping with the Doctor's character than, say, the idea that he's got godlike mind-powers.

60s *Doctor Who*: How Was It Made?

In British television production, the big divisions are as follows: before and after colour, before and after 625-line transmission, before and after *Hancock's Half Hour.*

Colour is easy to explain, and the consequences of this shift need not detain us (for our purposes, they're mainly limited to CSO, odd costume decisions and a feeling in the BBC that maybe tired old *Doctor Who* still had a place in the Saturday schedules; see Volume III). 625-line transmission is a bit more technical, but essentially... all TV signals are sent in horizontal lines. There used to be 405 lines per frame, but in order to be ready for colour, the British transmission system reconfigured it to UHF transmission and 625 lines per frame. This was one of the things that BBC2 was set up to develop and refine before the mass-market BBC1 and ITV switched over (see 5.2, "The Abominable Snowmen',' for a look at the effect of all this on *Doctor Who).* One consequence of the sharper picture was that set design needed a rethink and a budget-hike. Another was that less intense lighting was required, which had obvious costume consequences and allowed longer recording sessions. The heat of a 405-line studio could be torturous.

Now, one of the things we've been careful to stress so far is that contrary to popular belief, *Doctor Who* never went out live. We've even overstepped the mark a little by referring to the "filming" of episodes. (Only 7.1,"Spearhead from Space" was entirely made on film. Well, unless you count the Paul McGann movie. The twenty-first century series is made on frame-removed VT, the so-called "film-look" technique mentioned in the essay after 12.3, "The Sontaran Experiment'.! In November 1958, the BBC had forked out for an Ampex video recording system, the first in the world. It could record whole

programmes, yet the tape couldn't be edited the same way as film.

Or so they thought. The recording had an electrical pulse that had to be continuously maintained. Physically cutting the tape would disrupt this. A method was eventually found (by accident) to cut the tape safely, although as late as 1963, the ITV companies didn't officially acknowledge that this was possible. The person whose serendipity changed everything was Duncan Wood, producer of *Hancock's Half Hour*. Suddenly the number of shots per half-hour increased. Up until that time, a pair of cameras was needed for each scene - out of five or six in a studio - while the others were put in position for the next scene. Once video editing became practical, almost all the cameras could be used in the same scene, and then moved between scenes.

Prior to this, much of the craft of TV drama was in finding natural-seeming ways to cover these transitions. Many scenes carried on for a few moments after the principals had left, to allow a change of jacket and a swift sprint across the studio. One of the hallmarks of the new style of TV drama ushered in by *Z Cars* was that in many cases the "link" scene was cut (see the essay after 2.1, "Planet of Giants" for more on *Z Cars)*. *Doctor Who* often has these "Iscenes" scripted, but they're not always necessary; see, for example, the prosecutor Tarron marvelling at the disappearance of the travellers halfway through the last part of "The Keys of Marinus" (1.5).

For reaction shots - such a big part of the success of *Hancock*, and later *Steptoe and Son*, from the same stable - one camera could be reserved for each principal. This allowed a BBC sitcom to be as pacy as *Bilko* or *Lucy*, while retaining the intensity and intimacy of live performance. Up until then, only two options had been available: point a camera at a stage-like performance, or make a movie for television and edit it conventionally. *Doctor Who* is an example of one of the many compromises between these options that the BBC invented.

The complex of studios at Lime Grove had been built as film studios in 1913, and converting them for television had been a godsend after the original BBC TV headquarters at Alexandra Palace. There were several studios, and a row of terraced houses had been turned into offices nearby. This provided a

nucleus for some of the trademark "new" television of the early 1960s, whilst the purpose-built Television Centre was for the mainstream shows (ones with live audiences) and the prestige projects (requiring much bigger sets). All studios were booked long in advance, and in the case of *Doctor Who* one day a week - usually Friday - was reserved for recording up to 75 minutes of footage.

For the first year this was almost exclusively done in Studio D at Lime Grove, which was hot, cramped and badly-resourced, but more practical than any other Lime Grove studio as it was big and square (Studio G had greater floor space but was long and thin). The cameras installed there were CPS Emitrons, equipped with four lenses on a rotating drum called the "turret'/so to change lenses for close-ups or long shots required the director to cut away to a different camera for a few seconds. Instead of a zoom facility, the cameras had to physically approach the actor, occasionally running into something on the floor and jolting. Just look at the bit in the pilot episode where Ian discovers the TARDIS. For these reasons, camera rehearsal took up most of the Friday sessions.

Actual *film* filming was, as we've said, possible. In 1955, the BBC had bought Ealing Studios, where the celebrated late '40s / early '50s comedies had been made *(The Ladykillers, The Lavender Hill Mob, Passport to Pimlico, Kind Hearts and Coronets,* to name just a few). If a scene needed a larger set, or tighter editing, or filming in advance to cover an actor's holiday or a link between scenes, then it was done there. Usually, this would be the first part of a given *Doctor Who* story to be made. Fight scenes, in particular, would be more effective if done with a more mobile camera and edited like a movie or a commercial. Similarly, location work would be made well in advance of the electrical studio work. All pre-filmed inserts would be run in the studio as the video recording was made, and often timed to allow for costume changes or alterations to the set.

Thus it was frequently the case that an actor rehearsing a story for recording that Friday would take half a day off to pre-film something for the following story, often with little idea what the context would be. The often-told anecdote of Deborah Watling running down a Welsh hillside while making "The Abominable Snowmen',' and not realising that the guest star would be her

father, Jack Watling, until they met during the take is just a bit more plausible with this in mind.

So a director, a designer and a writer were all assigned to an available slot. With a budget of £2,300 per episode, and an expectation that overspending in one episode (usually the first, usually for sets and costumes) would be recouped in later ones (so a seven-parter could go for broke), options were limited. A simple decision to have a few non-speaking extras might be the difference between using a specially-commissioned score or using stock music. The story editor's job involved deciding how much filmed material was possible, and when in each episode it should be deployed. Music and what was then still called "special sound" would be commissioned well in advance. You'll notice that rather than having a specific piece of music for each scene, there'd be four or five "generic" pieces composed for each story. One for "spooky" bits, one for "action" scenes, one for "moody" moments, and so on.

Rehearsals were usually in a nearby hall, rented by the day. For the bulk of the Hartnell era, it was the Drill Hall on Walmer Road (for the uninitiated, a Drill Hall is where the local Territorial Army reservists would train in the evening, and during the day it'd be let out to TV companies).The other regular venue, another Drill Hall on Uxbridge Road, had a sandwich man with a runny nose who made terrible coffee. At least, according to Hartnell. The star would find other excuses for tantrums as the years progressed, but facilities at these venues were rudimentary. The sets would be ready for a studio day, but the layout would be known in advance. Gaffer-tape would be laid on the floor to show where the walls and major furnishings of the set would be, and Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday would be given over to learning lines and moves. Typically, Hartnell would have the whole script memorised before Monday morning's session and be reluctant to incorporate new lines or scenes, or to shift the emphasis from what he'd decided to what a director wanted.

Of course, this is assuming that the finalised script - and not the draft version used by the designers - was ready by Monday morning. Frequently it would arrive by taxi after a couple of hours of everyone sitting around a table. One writer in particular was a frequent culprit... not naming any names, but he created *Blake's 7.* The Monday read-through, just reading lines off the page, was used by the director to figure out timings, by the producer to catch

anything that shouldn't have been there and by the story editor to make sure things were working properly.

Wednesday afternoons seem to have been the prime day for pre-filming. Costume fittings tended to be early on Tuesdays. Thursday was the nearest thing to a day off that anyone had, as this would officially be the day when everyone committed their lines and moves to memory. In practice, any school visits, guest appearances on other programmes, publicity work or more extensive pre- filming was done then. Thursday was also the Producer's Run. Last-minute changes and amendations would be made by the producer, who wouldn't have heard real actors say the lines, nor seen the fights or costumes.

This is the most important thing to say here: each episode was made in one week. With the exception of cliffhanger reprises (which were usually remade as the start of the next episode, but sometimes they re-used a clip from the previous week), what was broadcast one Saturday had been recorded on a Friday three weeks before. And they were making more than forty episodes a year. Suddenly, the Billy Fluffs don't seem quite as funny.

Friday began early and ended late. Actors with complicated make-up or costume, such as monsters, aliens or Mongol warlords, got in first. The studio would be set up, the lights arranged (as far as they could be in Lime Grove Studio D) overnight, and the camera crew and actors would try to mesh their separate crafts. They'd begin at 10.00am, stop for an hour for lunch at 1.00pm, then try again until 7.30pm. Another hour's break, and then from 8.30 to 9.45 they'd record the finished version, in costume. While editing the videotape was out of the question, pausing for ten minutes to change outfits was allowed, and monumental cock-ups could be solved by rewinding to the start of a scene and resuming. Given what made it to the screen, you can imagine how big a mistake was needed to warrant this. Most actors in soaps and as-live dramas knew that to ensure a bad performance never reached the public, one should swear loudly.

Why did they not edit videotape, when *Hancock* had proved it possible? Like so much of BBC thinking, it was down to making *Doctor Who* on the cheap and flogging it to as many countries as possible. A tape cost £100, which would be about £1,000 in today's currency. Once cut, it couldn't be re-used. We're talking about physically slicing up the tape with a razor and

splicing it with sellotape.

However, there's a more general point to make. As we've already seen, the Drama Department was making an awkward transition from one-off plays to series. In the era of one-off plays, live drama was the norm. Actors and directors preferred working in this pressure-cooker environment, reacting to other actors and not thinking about line-of-sight or how one scene related to the next. With only movie-style filming or theatre- style live drama to choose from, actors, directors and audiences found the latter provided more believable performances. In a story where the credibility of the acting was what made a real world out of flats and sound effects, this was crucial. ITV audiences watching filmed hour-long segments of *Sir Lancelot* would accept far less than those watching *Quatermass and the Pit,* simply because the cast looked like they believed the latter but not always the former. (See 3.1, "Galaxy Four", for what happened when the BBC tried making SF dramas for grown-ups with the resources denied to *Doctor Who.)*

Post-production, such as it was in those days, was done the following Sunday. With a few exceptions, everything on tape was in the right sequence. The dubbing-on of sound effects, post- synched dialogue and some of the music cues were done here.The material on videotape would be transferred onto 35mm film by pointing a modified camera at a modified monitor, so that if extensive re-working were needed then it could be done without hacking up a costly Ampex tape. Finally, the story was broadcast, week by week.

Except... that's not quite the end. A film copy would be made by the telerecording process, and copies of this would be sold overseas. The picture quality would be only slightly less, to begin with. But some later copies would be darker, and if the 35mm copy were reduced to 16mm for export then they'd become grainier as well. The twenty- four-frames-per-second format would be a little jerkier than VT, and about 3% of the picture would be cropped from any edge, which is why Ian ends up staring in horror at someone we can't see in episode six of "The Sensorites" (1.7). Yet once the tapes were gone, these would be the only copies available...

Cultural Primer: Why *Z Cars*?

If you want to know what a society fears, then look at the cop shows.

In 1949, the worst thing that could happen - the *my worst thing* - was for a scared kid with a gun to shoot a bobby. Considering that this was less than five years after a war in which bombs fell on every major city and almost all the able-bodied men were trained to kill, this is extraordinary. Yet, in the 1949 film *The Blue Lamp*, this is what young punk Dirk Bogarde does. A policeman not only represents rectitude, he's the community's focal point. "Police'; we were constantly reminded, derives from the same Greek root as "polite", "policy", "cosmopolitan" and "polities"! Shooting avuncular PC Dixon was, in its context, right up there with *Reservoir Dogs*.

Fortunately, George Dixon came back from the dead six years later for his own spin-off series. Today, the BBC's *Dixon of Dock Green* looks like a parody. It began, in the early episodes, with someone whistling "Maybe It's Because I'm A Londoner" and a street-light in the fog. PC Dixon, played by former comedian Jack Warner, would walk into the pool of light, face the camera and say 'evening all!' before launching into a monologue of quite astonishing mundanity. The opening shots of the *Doctor Who* pilot look remarkably similar.

If the monologues were dull, then the ensuing drama was mesmerically tedious. You'd watch it now in a state of disbelief, on the edge of the seat waiting for something - *anything* - to happen. A small crime is committed; the culprit is caught; PC Dixon knew him when he was a kid, and so asks him not to do it again, but he does and gets nicked; then Dixon talks to the camera

again, updating us on who got what punishment. Run end credits. Closure in fifty minutes, and everything's tickety-boo. Ted Willis, who wrote every episode, became a peer of the realm. (Note to foreign readers: until 1998, this meant that he was Lord Willis, and thus had a say in all the laws passed by Parliament. His interventions did rather a lot of good for writers with regard to payment, though, so we won't gripe.)

More amazingly, the series lasted until 1976. Watching it on Saturday nights, alongside that other TV coelacanth *The Black and White Minstrel Show,* you can see how *Doctor Who* could seem comparatively normal.

Fortunately, things changed. But before we explain how, and why *Doctor Who* fits into this process, this is as good a time as any to settle something important. It's possible that you may not have seen a real police box. They're rather larger than the TARDIS prop, because anything bigger wouldn't have fitted into the lift at Lime Grove, which is why the new series - using an accurate scale replica - makes Christopher Eccleston look titchy. Although dedicated 'phone lines for summoning police assistance had been around since the turn of the twentieth century, in various one-off designs of a wooden box or stone pillar, the 1929 model became the standard. It was made mainly of concrete, contained a 'phone line direct to the local nick, and sometimes came equipped with a first-aid kit (the TARDIS has a St John's Ambulance flash well into Season Two, and in the model work much later).

American police might have preferred small, pole-mounted boxes, like the one Officer Dibble never gets to use in *Top Cat,* but the British constabulary liked the permanent, obvious presence of the police box. Like George Dixon, it was reliable and reassuring, and made serious crime seem simply unthinkable. Of course, serious crime took place regularly, but the public's perception of it as a problem is comparatively recent. Typically, as long as you didn't upset the neighbours or frighten the horses, you could get away with murder. Every major crime was seen as a one-off, an aberration. Police boxes and bobbies on bikes were a form of polite thought-control, in which the public were persuaded by obvious symbols of authority that nothing bad would be allowed to happen.

Criminals got organised, got mobile and got nastier. To match this, rapid response units and American-style two-man cars with two-way radios were introduced. This was partly a response to the advent of the motorways in the late 1950s, and also to the more overt use of fast, expensive cars by gangland figures. We'd had gangsters long before Al Capone, but in the early 1960s they went high-profile, which allowed the film companies to show them in a romantic light before making sure they got caught by ordinary coppers. By this time the fad for Historical Heroes in Tights of Old had fizzled out, so the same companies made cheap TV series shot in Deptford. The bad guys had all the glamour, but always came unstuck in the end (the titles *No Hiding Place* and *Scotland Yard* tell you whose side we were supposed to be on, and the detective series heroes were always described as being "...of the Yard").The "normal-sized" story in "Planet of Giants" is resolutely in this mould.

As we said in the first essay of this book, 1962 represents BBC TV's Year Zero. The 2nd of January saw the first episodes of both *Compact* (we'll be mentioning this a lot) and *Z Cars*. The Z - and that's pronounced "Zed',' you uncouth colonials - stood for "Zephyr" as in the Humber Zephyr, the fastest commercially-available patrol car. The series was about the two-man crews of the cars and their bosses, and was set in a fictitious northern city called Newtown, where everyone had Scouse accents.

The northern-ness was important. This was the beginning of a style of film we always have to call "gritty" and "kitchen-sink" and other mildly patronising terms. There were films being made about everyday lives, rather than people with perfect BBC English and Home Counties accents. Granada Television, set up in Manchester, had launched *Coronation Street* in 1960. The BBC's characteristic response was to go one better; if people wanted real life, then they'd get it as real as it could be shown. Crime became more than a series of "issues" and the police became people doing a job but with other things going on in their lives. George Dixon suddenly looked like Mr Plod from *Noddy in Toytown.* As we'll see, soon a Northern accent would become less of a liability and more an asset to be cultivated (see especially 3.5, "The Massacre").

The grammar of television drama accelerated. It's been estimated that the

average length of a shot in an episode of *Z Cars* was twelve seconds. That's almost subliminal by 1962 standards. Filmed inserts, back-projection, pre-recorded video sections and scripts requiring short, tight scenes made this unlike anything else on British television. It was written as an ensemble piece, and the actors spent weeks before rehearsals working out the life-stories of their characters. Troy Kennedy Martin, chief writer in the early years, was keen to move from plot-led stories to character-led situations. While Dixon's storylines were all based on real case-histories, and Dixon himself was as much a social-worker as a copper, the regulars in *Z Cars* were characters first and crimebusters second. The Police Federation took a dim view when a policeman was seen smoking and arguing with his wife.

After the first run of thirteen episodes, it became continuous from summer '62 to late '64. Kennedy Martin believed this weakened the format, but it led to the characteristic form of '60s / '70s TV drama, what became known in BBC circles as the "series-al" In this, each story is self-contained, but longer story-strands would emerge over the course of a few years. One character's marriage breakup began in the first episode, and a replacement for another was phased in rather than being suddenly introduced. You can see how the format of *Doctor Who* develops from this idea.

Z Cars returned in the '70s, with groovy wah- wah guitars in the theme tune, and finally ended just after the last episode of *Dixon of Dock Green.* By this time the ITV companies had gone for all- out thick-ear violence in its cop shows, first with *Special Branch* (imagine Derren Nesbitt, the warlord Tegana from "Marco Polo" taking a tough stance against crime in a selection of offensive floral shirts) and then *The Sweeney.* This was also created by Troy Kennedy Martin and made by Euston Films, so it was ultimately the responsibility of Verity Lambert; watch any given episode today, and you're guaranteed to spot at least one minor character actor that you'll know from *Doctor Who.* But what goes around comes around. In 2005, the BBC resurrected *Dixon of Dock Green* for radio, adding more plot per episode and casting David Tennant as second-fiddle police officer PC Crawford. Which meant that after the sudden shock of the Eccleston "regeneration" the BBC announcer insisted on plugging the series over the end credits of "The Parting of the Ways" (X1.13). Considering the history we've just described, this seems

nothing short of perverse.

For the efforts *of Z Cars* regulars to evade typecasting, see 19.2, "Four to Doomsday"; 20.6, "The King's Demons"; 26.1, "Battlefield"; 26.2, "Ghost Light"; and most spectacularly 23.2,"Mindwarp".

Is This Really About the Blitz?

If you asked anyone in 1964 what "science fiction" meant, then you'd get one of two answers. Literate interviewees might mention the books, which tended to be social satires or dystopian allegories. The rest might focus on movies about cities being menaced by flying saucers. In Britain we had a third way, a hybrid wherein society fell apart after something a bit like a war but not quite John Wyndham wrote a lot of this sort of thing, usually involving frightfully nice people trying to cope with simply beastly circumstances and - horror of horrors - the destruction of the BBC.

"The Dalek Invasion of Earth" is as clear an example as we ever get. It's obvious that the main impetus behind the story is the conception of a Nazi-occupied London, but there are other sets of cues. The shot of Battersea Power Station with chimneys missing is at odds with the usual Blitz iconography. Most images of London after the bombing were of well-known monuments withstanding anything Jerry could throw at us. Instead, here we have a picture of a wounded landmark. You can find it echoed in the shots of Bedfordshire as a wasteland, or the set of an overgrown and derelict Kew Bridge, and it's reinforced by all the lovingly-detailed dialogue about whole continents being wiped out.

And we lap it all up. Nothing seems to please people more than seeing their homes destroyed. Deserted cities, big monsters running amok and trashing skyscrapers and - a phrase you may have heard before - a Yeti sitting on a loo in Tooting Bee are all endlessly appealing. Many theories are available to anyone wanting to account for this. Good old-fashioned Freudians would claim that seeing something brutal and powerful unleashed is a sign of a healthy id. We spend most of our waking lives keeping ourselves in check,

behaving ourselves, not frightening the horses. For ninety minutes in a darkened cinema, we can imagine what it might be like to let rip. Think how many of the big, city-munching monsters come from "underneath" something: a volcano, a sewer, 20,000 fathoms or a Black Lagoon. We have to admit, a great many children returned to bombed- out cities and treated the wreckage as a giant playground.

This brings us to a second exciting aspect of this type of spectacle. A deserted city, or one which is now a battlefield, is one where normal laws are suspended. The Law of the Jungle, in your own neighbourhood, is an appealing prospect. Space- monsters shooting ray-guns, or brain-eating zombies, are a legitimate target. Social niceties are unnecessary. There's no traffic. Nobody has to pay for things. It's a break from responsibility.

The return to childishness is there in a subtler way. When the world becomes familiar, when we have mastery over the everyday, we're no longer surprised or feel the need to explore it. When something happens to make the mundane marvellous again, it's like seeing it for the first time, while simultaneously knowing it better than ever. A lot of monster movies gain a *frisson* from showing subjective point-of-view shots with distortions (we might use the end of episode two of 7.2, "Doctor Who and the Silurians", to stand in for dozens of these films). And we could bring in a whole raft of film theory concerning the way in which the screen creates a panorama with the viewer as the focal-point, making the watching "subject" the controlling intelligence, the "owner" of the image. If this is the case, then being somehow immune to whatever's happened to the world is an immensely gratifying position in which to be.

All well and good, but here we're talking about a much smaller screen, a far fuzzier image. And we're talking about seeing it in your living room, probably while eating sausage and mash off a plate on your lap. All the available theories about what the audience is made to feel by seeing cities destroyed by Mothra or a giant squid are inadequate for our purposes.

The central fact of television in the 405-line era is that it was promiscuous. No matter what we wanted to see, it was there on the same screen. Before channel-zapping, people settled down in a darkened room (the small monochrome screen required, indeed demanded, that no daylight should come

in and wreck the picture with its glare) and watched as a family. Whatever was on the selected channel - and prior to the arrival of BBC2, there'd only been two possibilities - you watched it. If you didn't think you were going to like it, then you waited for something else. You might see Nazi war criminals being tried in Nuremberg, followed by Humphrey Lestocq and Mr Turnip (just don't ask), then *Six-Five Special* with Jon Pertwee doing a skiffle number (really, *really* don't ask). So when *Doctor Who* offered you coverage of Marco Polo meeting Kublai Khan, it was no more nor less unlikely than Ena Sharpies buying half-pints of stout in *Coronation Street,* no more or less extraordinary than Jacques Cousteau exploring the ocean depths or Soviet probes photographing the Dark Side of the Moon.

What *was* unlikely was Ena Sharpies on the Dark Side of the Moon. The central visual technique of the twentieth century was collage. Placing something in a context where it doesn't belong is the core of surrealism, psychedelia, post-modernism and *Doctor Who.* If you think of the iconic photos of the last century, they're generally of people or things being put where they don't belong. Think of the key moments in monster movies, and they're the parts where we stop cutting between the monster and the everyday and have them both in the same frame. Tanks in Paris in 1940, a giant monkey on top of the Empire State Building, Cybermen outside St Paul's Cathedral, lobsters as telephone handsets in a Dali sculpture. All are transgressions.

However, the main transgression committed by *Doctor Who* was to place the everyday inside the outlandish, not vice versa. Marco Polo meets Mighty Kublai Khan, well and good. Yartek of the not-really-alien Voord gains most of the Keys of Marinus, fine. But a history teacher in a twinset and sensible shoes doesn't belong in either of these pictures. For the average viewer, Ian and Barbara strongly resembled Philip and Katie, the typical and typically-middle-class couple from the long- running TV campaign advertising Oxo stock-cubes. They have no more right to be on an alien planet or in Napoleonic France than... well... a police box. Once this basic rupture of whichever genre the story seems to fit is granted, audiences can accept any combination of signifiers.

And, historically, this is something everyone had encountered in World War

Two. The parents of the ten-year-olds watching would have seen children wearing gas-masks to school, Cockney kids being evacuated to rural Wales, American GIs occupying small villages in Kent and Norfolk, old saucepans being collected to make fighter engines (well, officially that's what they were for), and futuristic blocks replacing missing houses from the streets once it was all over. The aftermath of a bomb-hit, scattering random possessions over public areas, resembles a form of collage in itself. Moreover, these people would all have seen posters about the potential risks to the nation from apparently trivial lapses. Anything, however small and everyday, was potentially part of the war-effort for either the Allies or the Axis. The real threat wasn't a Nazi disguised as a nun, but the nice chap who asked what you were doing this weekend and was really an IRA member working for Nazi intelligence. This stuck in the national psyche all the way through the Cold War that followed. *Doctor Who's* real threats weren't those mythical incontinent Yeti, but anonymous phone calls (3.10, "The War Machines"), plastic daffodils (8.1, "Terror of the Autons") and feral cats (26.4,"Survival").

Finally, the main thrust of the monster movies was that we should be privileged to see destruction as an aesthetic treat, like those big Victorian paintings of the end of the world. In early cinema, D. W. Griffiths and Cecil B. De Mille knew exactly what people wanted, but disguised the havoc as morally-uplifting Biblical stories. Later films just went for the thrills. Why faff about with plots, when we really just wanted to see Godzilla and MechaGidorah slug it out? Who needs characterisation when there's a dinosaur eating Coney Island?

For obvious reasons, *Doctor Who* could never really show this happening to London, but instead went for wartime iconography again by evacuating the city and filling it with soldiers. As we said before, part of the national myth is that we can withstand and endure almost anything, usually with grim jokes and saccharine songs. For things to get so bad that London is placed under martial law is more shocking than any number of special effects of flying saucers zapping Washington. If you want a relatively recent example, then just look at the Brit-horror movie *28 Days Later,* which doesn't have the budget for state-of-the-art CGI and instead makes an effort to unnerve the audience with long-shots of empty, desolate locations around the capital. In parts the result looks not unlike 'The Dalek Invasion of Earth', and in parts it looks not unlike a '70s UNIT story. Just to make it an even stranger experience, Christopher

Eccleston's the villain.

And yet, it has to be said... after the War, and after the collapse of empire, the delight taken by the British in their own destruction goes beyond the kind of apocalypse presented by Hollywood. The generations since the Blitz have had far too great a level of mistrust for their ruling class, and for the ideal of a Great Britain, to see the wrecking of the country's icons as a calamity. When the aliens blow up the White House in *Independence Day,* it's supposed to be exciting because the invaders have proved their superiority over the institutions of Earth / America, but there's no suggestion that the audience is meant to be cheering the death of the President. Yet when the spaceship prangs Big Ben in "Aliens of London" (XI.4), there's no doubt whatsoever that we're supposed to be *pleased* about this, that we're celebrating the destruction of old symbols of power. The people of London even have street-parties afterwards, and the final eradication of 10 Downing Street is depicted as one of the greatest victories in the programme's history.

This isn't *quite* the case in "The Dalek Invasion of Earth" but the tendency begins here. By 1964, Britain was clearly a fallen power - though amazingly, some people were actually shocked when *That Was the Week That Was* came out and said it on television - and the joy we're meant to feel when the first Dalek drags itself out of the Thames isn't *entirely* to do with the fact that Everyone's Favourite Monsters are back. As we'll see as we make our way through the '60s, there was the sense of something new, young and potent in the country. There's a terrible sense of optimism in the fall of Old London, even if pretend-Nazis are the ones responsible.

So it makes perfect sense that the characteristic landscape of this story is the bomb-site. All those cheapo British crime films we mentioned in the last essay feature at least one in each reel;"World's End" looks suspiciously like an episode of *No Hiding Place.* In 1964, there were still sizeable patches of London left untouched after the Blitz. In 1965, these started to be redeveloped. Part of "Swinging" London's energy and swagger came from the need to rebuild and redevelop. Fashion features in all the glossy magazines used these areas as a backdrop. Watch any "pop" programme or "pop-art" film, from *Ready, Steady, Go!* to *Catch Us If You Can,* and the building-site - the

wasteland being made modern - is the setting for teenagers who want to turn the old town into something of their own. And under the next story, we'll talk about the kind of world they were expecting to end up with once the building was done...

What Kind of Future Did We Expect?

In **Is This Really About the Blitz?** (under the last story), we mentioned the particularly British, particularly Home Counties version of the apocalypse given to us by writers like John Wyndham. For a lot of readers at the time, this was the "realistic" version of the future, as opposed to the rather gosh-wow American model. The idea has therefore arisen, especially in the US, that Britain's view of the future was inevitably downbeat and cynical. You know. What with rationing and bomb-sites and all.

Not a bit of it.The children who grew up in the wake of World War Two - which, as everybody knew, *we* won even if the Americans turned up towards the end and the Russians were the first into Berlin - were sold on the promise of a bright tomorrow. The future was a world where all the things that had been taken away by the War would be restored with interest, and the exciting possibilities of radar and atomic power would make everything better.

A quick recap here. The first half of World War Two, 1939-42, wasn't so good. The Blitz was devastating British cities, Axis forces were encroaching almost unstoppably, and there was no point making any plans. How did the government cheer everyone up? They got someone, namely Sir William Beveridge, to draw up a long-term scheme for what a rebuilt Britain would be like. Not just as good as the 1930s had been (and for most people that was pretty fair, although with mass unemployment, disease and deprivation taken into account, the War was a turn for the better in some of the industrial regions), but Utopia. The Beveridge report was, by a stroke of luck, published at exactly the same time as Montgomery's success at El Alamein; the first Allied victory, and the means by which Italy was recaptured. We had a future!

By the time of the 1945 general election, decent housing, educational

opportunities for all, welfare provision, the National Health Service (NHS) and full employment weren't just options. They were our rights. Many non-British commentators still don't understand how Winston Churchill, supposedly the greatest Briton who ever lived, could have lost an election immediately after leading the country to a victory that was celebrated by every man, woman and child in the land. The answer is partly that the war in question had made virtually everybody miserable, rather than being an easy and far-away war like the ones we have these days, but partly that it was fought on the *understanding* that change would be the outcome. The returning servicemen voted for Clement Attlee's Labour Party. With the story we'd been telling ourselves about British determination and ingenuity being indomitable, and the prospect of all the technological breakthroughs put to peaceable use, nothing could stop us. We thought.

Utopia was a long time coming. The US government tried to sabotage the process, and did almost as good a job as the weather. 1947 had the hottest, driest summer on record, following the coldest winter and devastating spring floods. The fledgling NHS had its first real test. The demand for immediate repayment of the Lend-Lease allowances made the British economy put all its effort into servicing a debt to America rather than rebuilding. In some areas, rationing got worse before it was removed; Britain never had bread rationing during the War, but did have it afterwards. Still, the idea that we could get through all sorts of privations and setbacks had sustained us for six years, so a couple more weren't going to hurt much.

You're waiting for us to get back to talking about spaceships. Well, all right then. Into all of this comes artist Frank Hampson. US warships had used pulp magazines as ballast, so *Superman* and *Astounding* had been readily available to the kids of the nation, along with less wholesome fare. In order to provide a British alternative, and in the face of paper rationing, the *Eagle* was launched in April 1950 with - for its day - a publicity barrage. With the moral panic about "Yank Mags", this magazine-cum-comic-book was appealing to parents but not so squeaky-clean that nobody would read it, and the real world was always lurking at the edge of the page. Upstanding policeman PC 49 had to handle black marketeers as well as lost puppies. Even so, it was edited by Reverend Marcus Morris, and one of the writers was Rev Chad Varah (who later founded the Samaritans). Their unpaid scientific advisor was a young engineer who'd recently devised a system of global communications. His name

was Arthur C. Clarke.

Why did they need a scientific advisor? Well, the signature and front-page comic strip was Frank Hampson's *Dan Dare - Pilot of the Future.* In this, the World Space Command is based at the Ministry of Defence in a rebuilt but recognisable London. The Space Corp (in green, but the uniforms are manifestly RAF) is part of a World Government, run from Whitehall. This is 1996, and rationing is still in place, hence the need to go to Venus to find new supplies of food. The world population has doubled since 1950, with better health-care and education in what we now call the Developing World. We were the ones who spread the benefits of progress, so it's our responsibility to fix the problems. The French and Americans are along for the ride, too, but it's a British show. Sir Hubert Guest, the first man on the Moon, is depicted as an old- school squadron-leader with traditional moustache.

However, the two main protagonists are from the north of England. Spaceman Albert Fitzwilliam Digby, from Wigan, Lancashire, has the comic sidekick duties and a regional accent. His CO, Colonel Daniel McGregor Dare, was born in Manchester in 1967 and has a university education. As you may recall from the notes on "An Unearthly Child',' access to education for people from families who'd previously been excluded was associated with the idea that engineering was the key to the future. Like Ian Chesterton, Dan Dare is a role- model for the classless Britain of tomorrow, embodying the virtues which we told ourselves had won the War. This kind of social commentary / futuristic touch extends to the later addition of a brilliant scientist, Professor Peabody. In a comic for ten-year-old boys, any hint of romance is a no-no, but it has to be said that she's not bad-looking. (Later Hampson set about launching a new strip set in *2000 AD,* wherein UN troubleshooter Peter Rock seems not to notice that he has a black woman as his boss. This was stiffed by the management, apparently.)

We should, at this point, admit that the storylines of Colonel Dare's exploits were so exciting that Terry Nation helped himself to great chunks of them and changed the names a bit. Anyone doubting that the blonde-haired Therons and super-rational Treens were the prototypes for the Thais and Daleks should note that the Treen leader, the Mekon, was the only thing missing from the set-up until Davros appeared in 1975. Like the Mekon, Davros wears clothes that he can't possibly have got on over his head and travels about in a machine (the

Mekon surfs around in mid-air on a sort of floating dish). Luckily, in those days Anglican vicars didn't tend to sue people. And Hampson later illustrated Nation's "We Are the Daleks" story in the 1973 so there were obviously no hard feelings.

Actually, we can go further. The entire format of *Doctor Who,* as it was perceived in the '60s, is closer to the format of the *Eagle* than anyone's really been prepared to acknowledge. Adventure strips in the *Eagle* generally came in three flavours: futur- istic, contemporary and historical. The futuristic we've already dealt with. The contemporary stories would often involve mysterious goings-on in murky London streets (q.v."An Unearthly Child"), in one memorable instance - *Mark Question* - revolving around the mystery of a curiously talented amnesiac teenager who seems to be an exile from some unspecified foreign territory. Even his name makes him sound like a second cousin of Susan Who. The historical were intended to be educational, although opulent-looking outfits and occasional fight sequences always had to be involved somewhere. What subjects were chosen for these strips? Marco Polo, the Aztecs, a version of ancient Rome in which the heroes all secretly carry crosses... you get the picture. Early *Doctor Who* is on exactly the same territory, even if it's more cynical about this overtly Christian version of history. (The *Eagle* take on the Aztecs is quite unfathomable by modern standards, portraying Cortes as the good guy simply because he *wants* to conquer Mexico.)

The Dan Dare idea of National Unity connected with another futuristic treat for kids of the Attlee era. As part of the "Austerity Binge" movement of celebrating victory on the cheap, the government put its weight behind a centenary update of the 1851 Great Exhibition. The Festival of Britain was a national jamboree of Britishness, with new housing estates, Morris dancing, a funfair and a vast derelict area of the South Bank of the Thames converted into a colourful display of the past, present and future. It owed a lot to the 1939 New York World's Fair, but with the added thrill that after years of reading about radar and jet engines, kids could see them. Parents could explore the possibilities of new curtains that weren't for blackouts but for decoration. Capital-D "Design" was, like "serious" culture, available to all... but few, if any, wanted it just yet. That was okay, though; the fact that it wasn't forced on anyone (as in the Soviet Union or Nazi Germany) or deemed uncommercial

and restricted to an elite (as in America or France) was part of what we were celebrating. Eventually, Beethoven in stereo and Bertrand Russell in paperback would catch on, briefly. The late '50s was a boom-time for autodidacts and DIY-ers. Look at how many episodes of *Hancock's Half Hour* begin with Tony Hancock taking up some new self-improvement scheme.

When Jerusalem wasn't built here in less that three months, the voters became disillusioned and a near-senile Churchill got back into power. All races of the Festival were removed, and Harry S. Truman suddenly discovered that he wasn't in such a hurry to get the money back off us after all. Still, the idea of a British-led future was hard to kill, and the coincidence of the Coronation (on live TV, for those with sets, and everyone else got one pretty soon after that) and the climbing of Mount Everest (by a Sherpa and a Kiwi, but they were *almost* British) rounded off a whole "New Elizabethan" idea. A lot of "firsts" followed, like the hovercraft, jet airliners, nuclear power stations, computers (we'd stared it all off at Bletchley Park - see 26.3, "The Curse of Fenric" - but Manchester University's ACE was nine months or so ahead of the Americans' ENIAC machine) and the discovery of the DNA double-helix. Hooray for us! After 1956 everything went a bit flat. It wasn't just the Suez Crisis, or Elvis, or de Gaulle. People were content with the present, but not much else seemed to bother them. "Britishness" was in the past tense. All those TV shows for the US market were taking their toll, leading us to conclude that our cultural identity was mostly about castles and men in hosiery. 1964 saw a rallying in popular culture, and in the idea that we had know-how the US didn't, but this was after Harold MacMillan had run the country as a wholly-owned subsidiary of the Kennedy administration. Yet between these two dates, there'd been a lot of changes, and the appetite for more was keener than at any time since 1919.Quite simply, with the Dan Dare generation now old enough to vote, simply being British was almost a guarantee of success; see **How Believable is the British Space Programme?** Under "The Ambassadors of Death"(7.3), and notes on the Post Office Tower under "The War Machines" (3.10).

So it was perfectly acceptable for spaceships in the year 2493 to fly the flag, and for plucky Londoners to overthrow the Daleks without any foreign help, certainly without the Yanks telling us how to do it. (See **Whatever**

Happened to the USA? Under 4.6,"The Moonbase"...)

How Many Significant Galaxies Are There?

First we have to define "significant". lnhabited by people the Doctor's encountered? Talked about by humans? Bigger than ours?

We know there are rather a lot of galaxies; from Earth, so far we've spotted a billion or so. Ours is one of the larger examples, but by no means the largest. The one nearest to us is twice the size of the Milky Way. Most of the galaxies we've observed are clumped together in local groups, twenty or so galaxies in each. The space between the groups seems to be stretching out (the essay under 20.4, "Terminus" goes into this further), but the galaxies huddle together. Sure enough, well- travelled citizens of the universe in *Doctor Who* tend to talk about galaxies as if they were neighbourhoods. Svartos in "Dragonfire"(24.4) is said to be in the Twelve Galaxies', suggesting one such huddle. And as "Dragonfire" is apparently set millions of years in the future, we can speculate that Earth's galaxy isn't part of the group.

A lot of species get a kick out of claiming to be the masters of *n* galaxies. They sometimes get lazy and just identify them by number, so Zephon is Master of the Fifth Galaxy in "The Daleks' Master Plan" (3.4) and the Dalek alliance includes representatives from a total of ten galaxies. Or so they tell us; only eight representatives show up, and if you assume the Daleks are from a different galaxy to the rest then that's still only nine. Maybe somebody present has dual-galaxy citizenship. We might assume that the Fifth Galaxy and the Galaxy Five behind the Ice Warriors' nefarious tricks in "The Monster of Peladon" (11.4) are the same, since both stories include creatures who regularly liaise with Earth-based humans. However, there's no real reason to assume that the Fourth Galaxy with which Mavic Chen signs a treaty is the same as the Galaxy Four whence the Drahvins originate (3.1, err, "Galaxy Four").

Of course, a galaxy could be called different things by different people. We know that the Milky Way, or at least *part* of it, is called Mutter's Spiral by the Doctor's folks (14.3,"The Deadly Assassin") and that the technical name used by astronomers locally - Galaxia Kyklos - is how it's registered in the TARDIS logs (19.2, "Four to Doomsday"). "Galaxia Kyklos" simply means "spiral galaxy", and "galaxy" is from the Greek for "milk" anyway. For all we know, the 'Helical Galaxy" where Zeos and Atrios are located (16.6,"The Armageddon Factor") is one of those we've already seen somewhere else, but under another name. The problem is compounded by our parochial habit of naming galaxies after the direction in which we're looking. So there's a constellation called Andromeda, and if you look that way and squint a bit, then you can see a whole galaxy two- million light-years away which we also call Andromeda (or M31). Out of habit, we assume that the galaxy is where the Wirrn and the Sleepers come from, and where the Phylox System is (12.2, "The Ark in Space"; 23.1, "The Mysterious Planet"; 19.1,"Castrovalva"). On the other hand, the inter- galactic conference of Andromeda mentioned in "The Daleks' Master Plan" would appear to have taken place a lot closer to Earth.

And yet... there seems to be a sort of consensus forming here. The Daleks deal with ten galaxies, despite the paucity of representatives at their conference. In "The Dominators" (6.1), the Dominators themselves claim to be masters often galaxies. This massive empire seems a little hard to credit, given that we never see any Dominators anywhere else, but then again we have no idea when the story's set. For all we know, they could have ruled ten galaxies at a point in time millions of years before anyone else came along. For all we know, they could be descended from humans, and their mastery could refer to the human expansionism we see in almost every "future" story. Now, the Daleks have every reason to invite delegates from *all* the known galaxies to *their* shindig, and the Dominators speak of their ten galaxies as if it's a euphemism for the whole of explored space. So is the galactic neighbourhood which includes Earth, Skaro and Dulkis a group of ten?

In reality, no. We know that our local group contains twenty to thirty galaxies, depending on whether you count things like the Magellanic Clouds. But can we conclude that of those twenty- ish, only ten are seen to be "players" in cosmic affairs? If so, then why? We're not getting the big picture here. The delegates speak of themselves as representing the 'outer galaxies', so does that mean a specific band of galaxies on the edge of the group, or is 'outer' just used to indicate galaxies surrounding the all-important ones containing Earth and Skaro? Nor do we have any way of knowing whether the Isop Galaxy, depicted as something of a backwater in

"The Web Planet" is represented by any of the Daleks' allies (whose names may or may not indicate the galaxies from which they originate... there's evidence to suggest that they're actually named after their home *planets,* a la "The Monster of Peladon"). Or even whether it's part of the same group.

Which raises the question of whether the Doctor's homeworld is in this group."Terror of the Autons"(8.1) hints that it's in the same galaxy as Earth, though the evidence isn't conclusive. It seems strange, also, that none of the delegates are apparently aware of the Doctor's people; "TheTwo Doctors" (22.4) informs us that the Time Lords aren't shy about revealing themselves to other powers. The Daleks seem to believe the Doctor comes from a galaxy not represented at their conference, though this may just be because they've singularly failed to locate the world of his birth. And we note that the War Chief (6.7, "The War Games") and Zephon wear identical medallions, each one using it in conversation to denote his origin. Suggesting that the Doctor's world is in the Fifth Galaxy? Or is it just an almighty coincidence? All very curious.

The possibility presents itself that virtually *all* the Doctor's adventures take place in our local group of galaxies. Certainly a disproportionate number of them do, even ignoring the Ship's habit of returning to Earth. This would make a sort of sense, if the nature of time or the conditions needed for the evolution of life were localised phenomena. Svartos, the only destination which seems to be well outside the group, is so far in the future that human beings could feasibly have got to the Twelve Galaxies from their own group and started to colonise a part of space where life isn't indigenous. If we usually only visit the twenty-odd local galaxies, or even just the ten important ones, then it makes the catastrophic events of "Logopolis" (18.7) appear almost palatable. You may recall that a third of the universe is seemingly destroyed by entropy by the end of the story, yet only two known planets - Traken and Logopolis itself - are shown to be affected. It may be that most of the "lost" bits of the universe are barren, unoccupied galaxies.

But why should our group be so different to the others? One possibility is that there's something wrong with the laws of physics. For more in this vein, see **What Do the Guardians Do?** under "The Ribos Operation" (16.1) and **Why Are Elements So Weird in Space?** under "Vengeance on Varos" (22.2).

How Important Were the Books?

If there's one thing we have to keep stating over and over again, if only for the benefit of readers under the age of twenty-five, then it's this: *repeatability changed everything.*

It's difficult, for anyone who grew up after the early '80s, to understand the way the audience saw television in the days before home video, before TV nostalgia and before any form of technology which involves the word "digital" Until 1981, viewers were absolutely *sure* that any given episode of *Doctor Who* was something they'd only be able to witness once, or twice if the story was one of the chosen few that got a summer repeat Those of the younger generation are often shocked and bewildered by the BBC's pre-'80s policy of wiping "classic" episodes (see **What Was the BBC *Thinking***? under 3.1, "Galaxy Four"), and astonished that nobody made more of a fuss about it - not even those who'd now be called 'fans'.'(Though in those days, being a fan meant travelling long distances to meet other fans and going on pilgrimages to exhibitions where you could see a real-life Dalek, not just looking at bbc.co.uk/cult every now and then.) But why would anyone complain? If you *knew* you were never going to see the Yeti rampaging through the London Underground again, then what did it matter whether the episodes in question existed in the BBC archives or not?

The simple truth is that in the '60s and '70s, viewers - children especially - had better memories for TV. Well, of course they did. Information had to be *retained*, it wasn't available at the touch of a button, and in any case there were less distractions; less channels, less movies, less "interactive experiences", less things to do on a Saturday night. Besides, the definitive form of "proper" TV drama was the serialised story. You want to know why, in part, there was such a ratings drop in 2005 between "Rose" (X 1.1) and

"The End of the World" (XI.2)? It's easy. In the years that *Doctor Who* had been away, the audience had forgotten how to watch series. Channel-zapping and the likes of Blockbuster Video had ensured that the one-off "event" was everyone's idea of drama. A lot of people who liked "Rose" didn't bother tuning in the following week, because they felt they'd "seen" *Doctor Who* now. We could go on at length about the way that the serialised story was replaced by the serialised concept, in which you can miss any number of episodes but the Big Idea is still there *(24,*anyone?), but let's stick to the point. The point is that viewers felt they had a connection to what they watched, a connection which required them to keep in touch with it. Having seen an episode of Adventure Show X, the younger viewers could remember *and repeat it* in profound detail, and for many this is where merchandising came in. "Merchandising" in those days, seemed less sordid than it does now. Gerry Anderson series like *Thunderbirds* and *Captain Scarlet* spawned whole dynasties of die-cast toys, but unlike poseable figures based on *The Lord of the Rings* which are mostly bought as "collector's items" by thirty-year-olds who should have something better to do with their money, these were meant to be used. They were a way of re-enacting entire episodes from memory. They re-established contact with something you might never see again. See **Why Was There So Much Merchandising?** under 11.4, "The Monster of Peladon", for more of this.

In this respect, *Doctor Who* was disadvantaged. It had no vehicles. There were Daleks, yes, and the middle of the decade brought Dalek toys galore if you could wait until Christmas for the Give-a-Show Projector. But the key scenes in the programme didn't involve exciting space-vessel collisions, they involved the Doctor being clever at British character actors, and how the hell do you reconstruct *that* in plastic? In fact, let's look beyond the merchandising, because it's not as if everyone could afford it anyway. How do you reconstruct a programme as wordy and as weird- looking as *Doctor Who,* when playground games traditionally involve running around very fast pre tending to be a Spitfire? You can get one of your mates to shamble along like a monster and have a stab at re-staging the running-away-from-things scenes, but it misses the point of the show, somehow. No, if we wanted to get back in touch with those moments that had seemed to mean so much to us on Saturday

nights, then we'd have to do it another way. By God, we'd just have to *read.*

Now, if we were going to push this point, then we could claim that the reason *Doctor Who* fans have ended up quite as literate as they are - at least, compared to certain other types of fan, and let's not forget that there *has* been more intellectual dissection of this programme than of any other that's now classified as "cult" - is simply this: *Doctor Who* always left behind a trail of words. It isn't entirely true, of course. The very nature of the series assumes that literacy is a minimum requirement of civilisation, something you couldn't say about any other programme in its supposed field. There are books a-plenty in *Buffy,* but they're often things that give you the cheat-codes you need to beat monsters, not things that alter your perspective on the world. Yet it has to be said... if the Doctor had been given a Time-Mobile with special extending missile-arms that could be used to knock over Rolykin Daleks, then would there have been *quite* as many writers and academics in the later generations of *Doctor Who* fans?

Besides, books have an advantage that other artefacts from TV programmes don't. They're cheaper, and you can get them from libraries. When Target began pumping out the novelisations in the '70s (starting with reprints of the three '60s books, *Doctor Who and the Daleks, Doctor Who and the Zarbi* and *Doctor Who and the Crusaders*... if you're not familiar with them, then see if you can guess which TV stories they were based on), each book cost 30p, within pocket-money range even with inflation taken into account. As a bonus, you were allowed to take them to school and read them during "study periods" so between 1975 and 1982 there wasn't an educational establishment in the land that didn't have a handful of Targets secreted in it somewhere."Sophisticated" fandom now thinks of Terrance Dicks as the old hack who wrote *Warmonger.* This may be understandable, but he's also partly responsible for the literacy of - literally - thousands.

How important were the books, then? Ooh, pretty much crucial. Nearly any other series that's spawned a line of novels has treated them as irrelevant spin-offs, but for *Doctor Who,* the books were a kind of prototype home video.

None of the Target novelisations were canonical, in the way we now understand the term, yet they provided a constant baseline of what *Doctor Who* was supposed to be. As you may have noticed, many of the assumptions we still make about the series started in print. Familiar terms like "chameleon circuit" and "Venom Grub", both of which eventually found their way into the TV episodes, originated in the novels *{Terror of the Autons* and *The Zarbi*, respectively). Some of the writers used the books to expand on the way they saw *Doctor Who* working, starting with David Whitaker's adaptation of "The Crusade".

Things started to change when *Doctor Who Weekly / Monthly* arrived on the scene in 1979, followed by all sorts of "episode guides" and "anniversary specials". Suddenly the novels were no longer the font of all wisdom. In the early days, *DWM's* "Matrix Data Bank" column was full of queries from confused readers who couldn't understand why the Doctor meets Jo for the first time at the start of *Doctor Who and the Doomsday Weapon* (AKA "Colony in Space",9.4) when according to the guidebooks they met in "Terror of the Autons" (9.1), or why lan's story in *Doctor Who and the Daleks* was so different from the magazine's description of "An Unearthly Child" (1.1). The reason - "the authors just decided to change it" - never occurred to these readers, because for many it was taken as read that the books were the gospel truth.

Why does the Doctor go to the trouble of naming the Cybermen's original homeworld in "Earthshock" (19.6)? Because Gerry Davis got it wrong in *Doctor Who and the Cybermen,* and the fanboys wanted it cleared up. Famously, Terrance Dicks' description of the Slyther in *Doctor Who and the Dalek Invasion of Earth* is really a description of the Mire Beast from "The Chase" (3.8) because the BBC sent him the wrong reference photo, but this is just one of many clearly wrong things which we once believed absolutely.

Inevitably, the evolving nature of the market made it all go wrong in the 1980s. Even in the early days of the Nathan-Turner producership, when *Doctor Who* was still being voted a "children's favourite" the books were in

trouble. There was now too much stuff in the world for TV novelisations to seem remarkable. The kind of younger readers who might once have been tempted by a Chris Achilleos cover of a pterodactyl going KKLAK! were more likely to be playing Dungeons and Dragons, and anyway, toy manufacturers had developed the art of making action-figures small enough to be affordable *without* your granddad having to give you a tenner for your birthday.

By the mid-'80s, the Target books had become exactly what they were never meant to be: pure merchandising, aimed at semi-adult fans who wanted to Collect the Set of the Doctor's adventures. Many of the novelisations published in this era are actually quite good, particularly the Hartnells, but nobody really bought them to read them. Certainly nobody under the age of fourteen.

And yet, the Target novelisations had done their work. After the original TV series' demise came Virgin Publishing's New Adventures, which can be seen as the true successors of the Target range. Far from being intended as inconsequential, time-fill- ing spin-offs, they were (at least at their best) a genuine attempt to carry on the legacy of the programme while it was off-air. It's doubtful anyone would have tried this if the '70s books hadn't already established that literature was *Doctor Who's* second-favourite home.

Ironically, though, the books have floundered during the TV show's triumph even as they prospered in a time of its defeat. As this volume goes to press, *Doctor Who* is not only back on television but the Nation's Favourite again, even as children's fiction has become desperately fashionable thanks to the likes of Philip Pullman (good) and J. K. Rowling (evil). And yet the BBC's "Ninth Doctor" books are squarely in the tie-in tradition; not serious attempts at literature for the under-sixteens, but stories specifically designed not to impair the BBC's other plans, and largely based on fandom's idea of what "typical" *Doctor Who* should be instead of what's actually in the new series.

Perhaps the BBC senses that these days, anything which helps to connect the viewers to the programme is surplus to requirements. Thanks to BBC3, certain episodes of the 2005 series were broadcast as many as *six times* in the four

months after first transmission. And that's not including all the behind-the-scenes documentaries or the DVD releases. Who needs to be kept in touch with what they've seen, when you're bound to be seeing it again in a week or two?

What Are the Most “Mod” Stories?

Between 1958 and 1963, there was a trend among metropolitan kids to disdain the motorbikes, leathers and oafishness of the Rock 'n' Rollers, and go for all things sharp and Italian instead. Vespa scooters, mohair suits with narrow legs and thin lapels, Tony Curtis haircuts and Soul music... *that* was style. By the time *Doctor Who* came along, these Modernists had become Mods, a recognisably British slant on all of this. And their style was becoming exportable. *Ready, Steady, Go!* was required viewing, all-night dances the preferred recreation The whole thing was fuelled by amphetamines (like the rare records and the Parka coats, these mainly came from US servicemen stationed in Britain who went to the same clubs).The look became more overtly op-art, especially since it looked good on black-and-white television. Mary Quant miniskirts, Vidal Sassoon hairdos (as pioneered by Carole Ann Ford) and thick coloured tights were the "uniform" for girls. American readers will be able to ask their elders about the "British Invasion"; nearly all the bands involved were Mod bands, and the ones which endured best were the ones that were most emphatically Mod, like the Kinks and the Who.

This is worth dwelling on for a moment. If *Doctor Who* was as much a place you visited as a story you followed, then it makes sense that the visual style of the series should be arresting. If the aesthetic and function of the programme were locked together to make something that was broadcast at tea-time on Saturdays and never seen again, then the contemporary feel of the presentation *as a whole* was what audiences responded to. Far from being something that slipped in by accident, as was the case with *Star Trek et* al, *Doctor Who's* use of "nowness" was deliberate, premeditated and part of the purpose of the series. Many of Captain Kirk's enemies and costumes seem

very 1966 now, but in *Doctor Who* it was always the intention at the time of broadcast to look like something from that particular week.

So, we'll be awarding points to the following stories for fashion, for the overall "look" for the lifestyles of those involved and for general signs of Mod activity. If you're still confused after this, then watch *A Hard Day's Night* and *Quadrophenia* (assuming you haven't already). Or that paragon of Mod TV, *The Prisoner*.

10. "The Ice Warriors" (5.3): The real enemy isn't the ice, or the Martians, but hippies. The look is great, with op-art body-stockings, but it's the middle-aged men who wear them that let things down. Big streamlined machines inside a Victorian country house, which is itself inside a geodesic dome; space-age countdowns; wrist TVs; a Martian spaceship with roundels; synthetic foods, chemical dispensers, vibro-chairs... all good. But the reason everybody's there is to stop Britain being engulfed by something cool.That's so not Mod.

Fashion: 6/10. *Look:* 7/10. *Lifestyle:* 4/10. *Overall Modness:* 8/10.

9. "An Unearthly Child" (1.1): The TARDIS! It's all flashing lights, like a pinball machine. It has that concentric ceiling-mounted thing, right out of a discotheque from 1965. It has a TV on the wall, and the patterns it makes when the Ship takes off are *seriously* Brigit Riley (she did all those op-art pictures that got turned into skirts). Again, we put it to you: did the TARDIS land Susan in Haight Ashbury in 1967? Did Ian and Barbara follow her home from the 1970 Isle of Wight Festival? No. Susan chose to do London in 1963, and stayed for five months. She's got it all happening. Stripey polo shirt, Capri pants and That Haircut. The regulars spend three episodes under threat from hairy blokes in skins who grunt and beat each other up. They hate the countryside, and want to get to a city as soon as possible. Ian knows all about the chart platters that matter, while nobody mentions Susan's parents.

Fashion: 7/10. *Look:* 6/10. *Lifestyle:* 8/10. *Overall Modness:* 8/10.

8. "The Chase" (2.8): They go to a funfair, they tune in to the Beatles, and at the end Ian and Barbara run around Swinging London. The Daleks have a time machine that's op-art on the inside and streamlined on the outside. It makes feedback noises like a B-side by the Yardbirds, or the intro to "Reflections" by Diana Ross and the Supremes,and it's lost in a time vortex resembling a kaleidoscope. This is the sort of thing that would get psychedelic when taken to extremes, but within restraints it's classic Mod. Best of all, the Mechanoids are geodesic domes with attachments like the multiple mirrors on a Vespa scooter, and they beat up the Daleks in a high-rise. Never mind Shakespeare or the *Mary Celeste,* forget about New York or alien planets, it's London This Week that's the place to be.

Fashion: 6/10. *Look:* 8/10. *Lifestyle:* 7/10. *Overall Modness:* 8/10.

7."The War Machines" (3.10): Everyone's up all night, then off to work the next morning fresh as a daisy... how do you imagine they do that? The Hash'who picks a fight with Ben in the nightclub is wearing a stripy blazer of the kind that was *a la mode* for three weeks in 1966 and then again in I980, while Polly's frock is achingly sharp. She's so cool that it takes Ben a whole episode to realise she's been hypnotised. The title captions, the verité-style location work and the nightclub set are right, but the War Machines themselves are deeply wrong.

Fashion: 8/10. *Look:* 7/10. *Lifestyle:* 8/10. *Overall Modness:* 8/10.

6. "The Space Museum" (2.7): The kids are all right! There's nobody on this planet over twenty, except the authority figures trying to give them a hard time. And they're kitted out in Army Surplus. Tor and his boys look right, despite their comedy eyebrows, and note that people on Xeros have access to Converse All-Stars. The exterior sets are classics of their kind: big, bold triangles of dark and light, asymmetric designs and stark simplicity. The Doctor poses for a fashion spread wearing a striped bathing costume against a white backdrop. Follow that with a still of a penny-farthing and we're almost looking at the kind of collage used in Beatles merchandising (think of the cover for Revolver). And check out the lettering on the exhibits.

Fashion: 7/10. *Look:* 7/10. *Lifestyle:* 8/10. *Overall Modness:* 9/10.

5. "The Wheel In Space" (5.7): The Cybermen are the quintessential Mod monsters; their first appearance had them mugging GIs to get hold of some Parkas (4.3,"TheTenth Planet"). Minus several points for their inept dancing when in space, and because the hippest person on the Wheel is a librarian. But Zoe, let's recall, wears her Alice-band *under* her space-helmet. The sets are a fantastic combination of pirate radio station and *Top of the Pops,* with lots of groovy details and the plans in white on cellophane. There are TV screens everywhere, plus there's a bank of giant lava-lamps. The Cyber-hypnotic signal is, of course, a sine-wave from an oscilloscope. Even the spacesuits are starkly monochrome. Any story with a line like 'switch over to sexual air-supply' must surely have the right idea.

Fashion: 10/10. *Look:* 9/10. *Lifestyle.* 4/10. Overall *Modness:* 7/10.

4. "The Moonbase" (4.6): This is the story where the bad guys fly off into space doing the Twist, except for one who's got the right idea and does the Jerk. Earlier in the story they do the Moonstomp (the late '60s incarnation of Mod adopted crew-cuts and Ska, and 1969's Ska hit "Skinhead Moonstomp" seems to have been inspired by this scene). The use of nail-varnish remover to eliminate the fashion-victims of Telos is a plus. Ben and Polly get it exactly right, and the majority of the scientists have at least a notion of how to co-ordinate. Bonus points for silver DMs, Hobson's Union Jack badge (very Pete Townsend) and Roger's accessories (the cravat is inspired), but minus one for Fat Bob and his NHS glasses, as well as the shower-caps. The crew don't know day from night, and live on coffee and pills. The Cyberman light-show is just the right side of Pink Floyd to be Mod. Geodesic domes always score highly, but the Gravitron itself is like something from a 1950s civic centre, and frankly we're disappointed.

Fashion: 7/10. *Look:* 8/10. *Lifestyle:* 9/10. *Overall Modness:* 8/10.

3. "Tomb of the Cybermen" (5.1): It has to be said, the entrance-hall of the Tomb resembles a coffee-bar or an ice-cream parlour, which is Mod enough even without the return of the "living on pills" motif. The big stark monochrome dial on the wall and the Cyber-head logo make a splash. The wall-size polarised light display, usually seen as a backdrop to mini-skirted girl singers, is fab. Victoria tells Parry 'we can make a party', and Toberman frequently looks like he's about to start dancing (especially when promised a go with 'the Scots lad'). Even Troughton gets a cape, and it makes all the difference. It's as if he's stopped off on Telos en route to Carnaby Street. One of the crew is wearing Chelsea Boots, although Kaftan explores wearing peeptoe sandals... bad move.

Fashion: 9/10. *Look:* 9/10. *Lifestyle:* 8/10. *Overall Modness:* 8/10.

2. "The Ark" (3.6): Monsters with Beatle haircuts. Instant chicken-wings. Watching the end of the world on TV. Scooting about on buggies. Even the Monoid funeral is percussion-based and has dance-steps. Their great hall is the flight-deck of a spaceship, but it's essentially a nightclub. Their medical wing has nifty Mondrian walls, which was a bit dated by March 1966, but when the story was recorded it must have been cutting edge (these things get old so fast). The camera-angles are straight out of *Top of the Pops* or *Ready, Steady, Go!,* and you almost expect Dusty Springfield to walk slowly down a spiral staircase. Even Dodo looks the business.

Fashion: 9/10. *Look:* 8/10. *Lifestyle:* 9/10. *Overall Modness:* 8/10.

1 ."The Macra Terror" (4.7): It's a holiday camp where everyone gets out of their box every night. Polly's even had her hair done like Twiggy. The Doctor wears suede boots, and there are cheerleaders in Majorette outfits. Pirate radio-style jingles pervade the colony. Any story featuring Ben will score highly, but even the over-thirties look sharp.

Fashion: 9/10. *Look:* 8/10. *Lifestyle:* 8/10. *Overall Modness:* 8/10.

And from the Mod Revival of 1980: **"The Leisure Hive" (18.1**): A story that starts with a trip to Brighton and has the Doctor hoping to die before he gets old has to be worthy of note. The Argolins live fast and die young, in a glorified funfair.

Fashion: 6/10. *Look:* 5/10. *Lifestyle:* 6/10. *Overall Modness:* 8/10.

What's the Dalek Timeline?

The problem with Dalek history is, of course, that they were never supposed to have any. At least, not beyond what we're told in "The Daleks" (1.2), a neat and specifically finite version of their timeline which looks less and less likely with every subsequent story.

"The Daleks" assumes that they never left Skaro. "The Dalek Invasion of Earth" (2.2) assumes that they did, for a bit, but never got very far with it. The Chase" assumes that they did, for a bit, and that some of their scientists put together a single time machine and went after the Doctor. By the 1980s, they have implied empires spanning whole galaxies and are a menace to everybody who ever lived. By 2005, they're even worse.

But fortunately for all good pedants, there aren't enough details for things to get too contradictory. The majority of Dalek stories have been set in the far future, and those that aren't tend to involve Daleks who are either quite overtly time- travellers or easy to palm off as time-travellers (even if that's not necessarily what the writers thought at the time).This makes the history of the Daleks a lot easier to get a grip on than the history of the Cybermen, who have an annoying habit of turning up in the present day.

So, a simple version of Dalek history immediately presents itself. It goes like this:

The Daleks are created on Skaro by Davros, as seen in "Genesis of the Daleks" (12.4), after a period of war which is probably garbled by later historians (see "The Daleks" for a lot more on this).The two species which emerge from the ashes are the Daleks and the Thais. The Daleks are confined to their city, and run on static electricity from the floor, whereas the Thals just mope around on their farms.

Then the Daleks develop space travel. They begin to explore / threaten other worlds, attaching dish-shaped power-devices to their casings in order to get around the whole "static electricity" problem. It's at this point, removed from the limitations of Skaro and remembering Davros' desire for them to become the-su-preme-be-ings-of-the- u-ni-verse, that they start empire-building. They invade Earth in 2157-ish - probably from an off- world base, as they never mention Skaro in "The Dalek Invasion of Earth" - but Earth pushes them out again ten years later. Meanwhile, on Skaro, the original "city" Daleks keep stagnating. At some point, probably around 2300 if we've done our sums right, the Doctor arrives on Skaro for the events of "The Daleks" and the city-going faction is wiped out.

This barely even registers with the Daleks elsewhere in the galaxy, who go from strength to strength. After the Earth invasion (i.e. after the first two Dalek stories), the Daleks are redesigned; they now have vertical "power slats" around their midriffs. Vicki comes from 2493, and considers the Daleks to be old news, so it seems unlikely that they go near Earth again until they've had time to build up an army for "Frontier in Space" (10.3). The rest is future history.

All well and good. However, there are two flies in the ointment here.

Hitch #/. "Power of the Daleks" (4.3). It's often said that "Power of the Daleks" takes place in 2020 (though this isn't stated anywhere in the story,and therefore isn't definitive), yet it features space- going Daleks who've been buried on the planet Vulcan for hundreds of years. But this really isn't much of a problem. Even if the story's set in the twenty-fifth century rather than the twenty-first, then it'd still mean that there were casually space- going Daleks long before the 2157 invasion of Earth, and there's no evidence anywhere of conquest-obsessed Daleks that early *except for time- travellers.* Not only that, but a Dalek on Vulcan knows of the Doctor and recognises the Second Doctor's face, even though the Doctor *never* encounters the Daleks before the 2160s... again, except for proven time-travellers. 2020 or not, you've still got some very mobile Daleks with an awful lot of foreknowledge. Clearly, the Vulcan Daleks come from the future. (The novel *War of the Daleks,* if you're inclined to consider it, even has the Eighth Doctor consign some Daleks to the past on Vulcan.)

Hitch #2. The very *first* Daleks designed by Davros (in "Genesis of the Daleks") have power slats, and can leave their city at will, happily rolling over any terrain they like. This might suggest that the city-bound Daleks in "The Daleks" have degenerated, and come to depend on the city while the original (superior) Daleks are trying to conquer the universe, except that it doesn't explain the other degenerate Daleks we see in "The Dalek Invasion of Earth" with dishes attached.

On the one hand, this might indicate that there are *two* periods of Dalek expansionism from Skaro. In the first, original vertical-plated Daleks leave the planet and start exploring the cosmos, leaving their kin on the homeworld to stagnate and become city-bound. In the second, the city-bound types re-discover the joys of space-travel and go on to conquer Earth. This makes a kind of sense, but... it's really very clumsy. Especially when you ask yourself: what happened to the original Dalek space-travellers? If they left Skaro centuries before the city-Daleks found a way to escape, then why do we never hear about them until *after* the city- Daleks invade Earth? Why do they vanish for centuries before becoming a threat?

A much more reasonable solution, although not a *perfectly* smooth one, is just to assume it's a question of economy. Davros originally designed the vertical-plate Daleks as soldiers capable of crossing any terrain, since he knew they'd have to fight the war against the Thals beyond the limits of the city. Once the various wars on Skaro had come to a conclusion, the Daleks became incredibly insular, and new Daleks were created to be city-dependant. When the Daleks developed space travel, the first few attacks and invasions were carried out by city-Daleks adapted for outer- space-duty, but before long *all* new Daleks not stationed on Skaro were being built according to Davros' original vertical-plate design. Or, alternatively, recycled city-Daleks may just have been used as "drones" by more advanced space-traveller Daleks. Which would explain why the "Invasion of Earth" specimens are so incompetent, anyway.

Right then, here's the full chronology, start to finish. If you want to argue about any of the dat- ings we've given to these stories, then see those stories' individual entries. But note that we've taken an "Occam's Razor" approach here, and made the minimum possible amount of reckless speculation; we

haven't, for example, invented never-before-mentioned events of galactic import or spurious alliances between the Thais, the Draconians and the Chumblies. Those who've read Jean-Marc Lofficier's *Terrestrial Index* will understand why this is important. Oh, and... this timeline assumes that the Doctor only *creates* history, and doesn't *change* it, in "Genesis of the Daleks" (but see **How Badly Does Dalek History Suffer?,** under that story, for other points of view).

Circa 1800 AD:"Genesis of the Daleks" (12.4). On Skaro, a once-nuclear war between the Kaleds and the Thais has degenerated into a seemingly- endless chemical slugging-match. The Thals finally wipe out the Kaleds, but not before Davros creates the first few Daleks. These Daleks are sealed in, for a bit, but certainly not for the figurative 'thousand years' described by the Doctor. The Thais will later come to scramble this history somewhat...

In-Between. The Thais, scarred by the centuries of war, have begun to mutate back into "perfect" humanoids. Meanwhile the Daleks emerge from their bunker, and start to remove themselves from the planet, possibly because they consider their homeworld to be a lost cause. So at some point they develop space-travel, but their powers of interplanetary conquest are hardly awe-inspiring. Hence...

2167:"The Dalek Invasion of Earth" (2.2). The invasion is a success, though the subsequent plan to turn the Earth into an improbably unwieldy spaceship hints at a species that's still new to the galactic domination business. By now the Daleks have off-world bases, but at this stage there doesn't seem to be an "empire" just a few widespread exploratory forces. Certainly, by 2493 the Daleks are just a footnote in history as far as Earth's concerned.

Circa 2263: "The Daleks" (1.2). The insular, degenerate Daleks back on Skaro are finally defeated, five-hundred years after the end of the last war on the planet. The Daleks off-world probably don't even notice.

2540: "Frontier in Space" (10.3), "Planet of the Daleks" (10.4). Here - for the first time, chronologically speaking - the Daleks become the true interplanetary menace we all know today, but there's no hint of Dalek time-travel as yet. Instead, the off-world Daleks have obviously spent some time building up the biggest possible army on Spiradon, ready to re-conquer 'the solar planets'. It seems that the Daleks have started using Skaro as a base again, as the Thais speak of Daleks somewhere in the vicinity of their homeworld, but the Daleks apparently *aren't* in complete control of it. (So they may have returned to the old city to check out what happened there. If so, then did they see the CCTV footage of the Doctor, Susan, Ian and Barbara?) Ultimately, the Dalek army is put on ice for a few centuries. We're later told that there are 'wars' between the Daleks and humans after this point, so the various off-world Dalek forces take a good trouncing before...

Circa 2700: "Death to the Daleks" (11.3). The Daleks are no longer a major power in this era, although everybody's heard of them, which is why they're trying to blackmail humanity instead of overrunning the galaxy with enormous armies. They know of the Doctor and the TARDIS, presumably having learned of their enemy's time-travelling abilities from the Master. After this they aren't heard of again for some time.

Probably the Fourth Millennium: "The Chase" Obviously the Daleks have noticed that it all started going wrong for them with the invasion of Earth, and know that the First Doctor (if, indeed, they can tell between Doctors at this point) was responsible. Their first act, on finally cracking time- travel, is to get rid of this arch-nemesis. They believe that Susan's still travelling with the Doctor, so evidently they're acting on whatever surveillance data they picked up in "The Daleks" and "The Dalek Invasion of Earth" They even refer to the TARDIS crewmembers as their 'greatest enemies', dearly fearing

Barbara's battledress. See **What's Wrong with Dalek History?** under "The Daleks' Master Plan" for more on this period.

And: **"The Day of the Daleks" (9.1).** The Daleks who've taken over twenty-first century Earth in "The Day of the Daleks" are *unquestionably* time- travellers from further ahead in the future, rather than natives of that century, as they recognise the Doctor and speak of invading Earth 'again' (and the 2157 invasion shouldn't have happened yet). This whole story seems to be a paradox resulting from early Dalek experiments with time-travel, but the whole thing's safely removed from history in the end.

The Davros Era Begins: "Destiny of the Daleks" (17.1). By this stage, the Daleks are scattered across large tracts of space and making new allies and enemies well outside Earth's own corner of the universe. Here we're told that for centuries the Daleks have been fighting the Movellans, and Skaro has been abandoned for some time (since the clash with the humans in the twenty-sixth century, we presume), but now they've returned to find the sleeping Davros. Though the four "Davros Era" TV stories are often said to have taken place somewhere around the 4500s - largely due to a behind-the-scenes document by Eric Saward - there are good reasons for setting it earlier, as you'll see if you read Volume IV.

Ninety Years Later: "Resurrection of the Daleks" (21.4). We're told that by this point, the Movellans have broken the stalemate and decimated much of the Dalek population with a virus. Oh, and Daleks are causally using time-corridor technology now rather than clunky old DARDISes.

A Few Years After That: "Revelation of the Daleks" (22.6). Having escaped both the humans *and* the Daleks, Davros starts producing a new Dalek army.The result - the white "renegade" Dalek faction - instigates what looks increasingly like a Dalek civil war. Davros escapes both human and

Dalek clutches *again*, and...

Davros Ascendant: "Remembrance of the Daleks" (25.1). ...becomes the first Dalek Emperor. His attempt to go back in time to 1963 and steal the Hand of Omega backfires miserably, apparently destroying Skaro in his own era. If you believe *War of the Daleks* (and it's a big "if" but see under "Destiny of the Daleks" for its possible usefulness as a secondary source), then after this the Daleks get busy with their own plans for galactic conquest. In other words...

4000 AD: "The Daleks' Master Plan" (3.4). Though they've established themselves as a major intergalactic power by now, the Daleks haven't bothered Earth's galaxy for 'some time'.The misuse of the time destructor destroys decades of work, and wipes out the huge Dalek invasion force, yet Skaro itself remains untouched. Those who prefer a dating of c.4500 AD for "Destiny" might want to switch these dates around a bit, but it doesn't change the outcome, which is...

Not the Final End: "The Evil of the Daleks" (4.9). *Real* Daleks don't have Emperors; they have Supremes and a Supreme Council. Only Davros calls himself "Emperor" and only his Daleks call themselves "Imperial", so the fact that the Daleks in "Evil of the Daleks" take orders from an Emperor - and an Emperor who enjoys gloating over the Doctor in a decidedly un-Dalek way, too - is telling. Arguably, the audio *Terror Firma* supports this notion by having Davros' personality erased and replaced with that of an Emperor Dalek. As "The Evil of the Daleks" *has* to be set after 'Remembrance" from the Daleks' point of view (even if, confusingly, it seems to be set on the destroyed planet of Skaro... there are at least three explanations for this, but the Daleks in question are time-travellers, so they could have set up their base on prehistoric Skaro circa 1,000,000 BC for all we know), it seems to suggest that ultimately Davros and his renegade Daleks make a comeback.

Yet the Daleks here are the usual grey, not white, so did the Davros-Emperor end up in charge of the dominant faction? Either way, the new civil

war which grips Skaro at the end of this story certainly isn't the 'final end' described by the Doctor. There are Daleks scattered throughout space and time by now, so how *could* it be? For a start...

The Straggler: "The Power of the Daleks" (4.3). Blatantly involves time travel, for reasons we've already discussed, although we'll suggest a cartload of alternatives in Volume II. If the Dalek scout on Vulcan in 2020-or-whenever comes from a time after "The Evil of the Daleks", then it'd explain how it already has the Second Doctor in its databanks. What's happening to the Daleks back on Skaro, or on whatever planet they're using as a base now, is a mystery. But the Emperor (or *an* Emperor) must re-build the Dalek nation, since...

The Great Time War: "Dalek" (XI.6), "Bad Wolf" (XI.12), "The Parting of the Ways" (X1.13). At some unspecified point towards the end of the saga, the Daleks destroy the Doctor's people and are (seemingly) wiped out in turn. They also go mad and get religion. However, that's a story for another day.

Here we might also mention that at some point, the Daleks try the Master on Skaro and sentence him to an execution which turns him into a squashy morphing worm by mistake (27.0, the TV Movie, although the novel *The Eight Doctors* tries to provide an explanation for this). But we have no way of knowing when in history this might be, or at what point the Daleks decided to develop a judicial system. We might also refer the reader to the unseen Dalek attacks referred to in "Genesis',' one of which took place in the space-year 17,000 (whenever that is) and the other of which saw the Dalek attack force being repelled by the Earth's magnetic field in 2000 (which is just stupid, and apparently a massive scrambling of "The Dalek Invasion of Earth").

What Was the BBC Thinking?

By modern standards, it seems unthinkable. At the time of going to press, 108 of the original 695 episodes of *Doctor Who* (which is to say, the 695 episodes of *Doctor Who* Mark One) aren't known to exist anywhere on Earth. 108 are missing. 108 are lost. 108 have been wiped from the face of human culture. That's more than 15% of the 'canon'.'Ask a devotee of a more recent "cult" series how s/he'd feel if the first season-and-a-half of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* suddenly vanished, and s/he probably wouldn't even be able to understand the question.

Today, the BBC's decision to erase a large amount of its '60s TV output is universally regarded as stupid, ghastly, offensive and short-sighted. Many people get blisteringly angry about it, far beyond the limits of *Doctor Who* fandom. Often, the stars of "missing" programmes - John Cleese immediately springs to mind - will rant loudly and authoritatively on the subject, leaving us in no doubt that the mass-wiping of classic television was performed by witless, ignorant middle-management types with no regard for creativity. Which leaves the obvious question: if the artists in question always thought it was such a mistake, then why did so few of them try to do anything about it at the time? Even those who made an attempt to save "doomed" recordings usually did so for sentimental reasons, not because they thought they were saving part of history. At the time, the idea that *Monty Python's Flying Circus* would be seen by future generations as a vital historical document would have seemed even more ridiculous than its content.

One thing we have to keep coming back to, in these volumes: BBC Television didn't work the same way that American television worked, or even the same way that British commercial television worked. In addition to

key features like the license fee and the mandate to enlighten the masses - see especially **Did the BBC Actually Like *Doctor Who*?** under 3.8,"The Gunfighters"- much of BBC drama came from a tradition of theatre. As we've already seen, in this era the Corporation made sure that people knew about plays. This is, if nothing else, the reason that British television has traditionally *looked* so different to the US version. American TV has always wanted to be Hollywood with adverts, rather than a kind of hi-tech stage for the masses. The distinction between the two forms was so great that during the '60s, the *Radio Times* would explicitly describe imported and made-for-export shows as "film series" not because viewers were interested in the technicalities of how programmes were made but because series made on film were considered to be an entirely different genre. (This is yet another thing that people who try to compare *Doctor Who* with *Star Trek* always miss, incidentally. The two programmes very nearly exist in different media. It's like trying to compare John Osbourne with John Ford.)

As we all know, today's generation is brought up in a world of cheap video and perpetual repeats, where images are transmitted and retransmitted until even the most bizarre phenomena seem normal. The minds of the 1960s could never even have conceived of TV in its modern form, with its endlessly-looping video-clips or its casual twisting of time and context. When an "action reply" was used on British television for the first time, during the 1966 World Cup final, switchboards were jammed by viewers who couldn't understand how the Germans had managed to score the same disallowed goal twice. In drama, certainly in "serious" drama, there was a culture of live performance. The idea that every recording had to be religiously kept and stored for posterity would have been as nonsensical as the suggestion that every single performance of every single stage play had to be bottled and kept in jars.

Consider this: in the mid-'50s, the BBC broadcast a dramatic presentation of George Orwell's *1984,* starring Peter Cushing (you know, cinema's Dr Who), written by Nigel Kneale (you know, he created *Quatermass)* and directed by Rudolph Cartier (you know... well, maybe you don't, but we'll be mentioning him again later in this volume). Though technically quite challenging, the play went out live. And when it was "repeated? a few days later, the BBC didn't simply show a recording of the first performance but the *entire play was performed again.* To the twenty-first century viewer it seems

pointless, wasteful and almost wilfully eccentric, but nobody saw anything remotely strange about it at the time.

Even the public attitude regarding repeats was different, before the 1970s. Repeats were what the schedulers did in the summer, when they thought no-one was watching anyway. To see something twice was a strange sensation, like going back to your old school. Television was about immediacy, novelty, freshness and nowness, and it took an event as big as the Kennedy assassination to force a re-showing of "An Unearthly Child" News stories were better if they could be relayed as they happened. Everyone got excited just seeing live satellite coverage of something, no matter what the something was. Significantly, the erasure of programmes didn't end until the early '80s; "significantly" because by then, a whole generation had grown up taking television for granted and understanding (almost instinctively) how it actually worked. Seeing murky pictures transmitted live from the other side of the Atlantic was less exciting than finding out what things had looked like before you were born. Lo and behold, the words television" and "history" could be spoken in the same breath.

Only then did the "victims" of the wipings start to complain in earnest, and only then did TV pundits start to realise how much damage had been done. It's hardly surprising, either, that the kind of people who got angry about the erasures became angrier and angrier as home video boomed throughout the 1980s. If you don't think the BBC is ever going to show Episode X again, then it's hard to get upset about it being scrubbed from the archive, but if you know you *could* be watching it then you're bound to be left with a terrible sense of disappointment. The real irony, though, is that the BBC's roots in "serious" drama led to it creating some of the greatest programmes in the world even as it destroyed the evidence.

But wait, let's rewind. Never mind the philosophy of television in the '60s, what about the practicalities? You might have thought that a cash-cow like *Doctor Who* would have been milked for all it was worth. Think of all the series making millions in syndication these days, perpetually in re-run while new episodes are being made. A half-hour segment can recoup its production costs dozens of times over. *Doctor Who* was sold to sixty different countries. So the BBC... wiped all the master- tapes, burned the film copies and demanded that overseas TV networks did the same. Eh?

There were reasons for this, which occasionally bordered on the reasonable. One was that nobody knew where to put everything. The BBC had a film library, in Windmill Road, Ealing, but videotapes were - to begin with - kept by the engineering department. A comprehensive archive wasn't set up until 1978. We've already mentioned the rather basic transmission format of early BBC television. In 1967, all TV production switched to the 625-line format, so the old Ampex tapes were unlikely to be used again (except for very occasional archive features, for which the film copies were roughly as good and easier to edit).There's been speculation that the tapes might have constituted a fire-hazard, too, though compared to celluloid film it's not really much of a problem. The main reason for wiping the tapes was quite simply that they were needed for something else. Copies existed for export, and newly-made programmes needed to be recorded. The tape on which "The Tomb of the Cybermen" was made was close to breaking-point even then, having been repeatedly used beforehand.

The export copies were telerecordings. The method of selling the series to other countries and networks, which might have used different line configurations and screen-ratios, was to make 16mm film copies by pointing a camera at a high- resolution monitor. All decisions on wiping the video were referred to the incumbent producer of *Doctor Who*, and none was wiped until the telere- cording was deemed satisfactory; some went badly and were re-done. These copies weren't made for posterity, remember. They were originally intended purely for the overseas market, and thus commissioned and made by BBC Enterprises, a semi-independent company set up to exploit the rights of all BBC work without infringing the Charter's non-commercial remit. It's now called BBC Worldwide, and is responsible for such important cultural artefacts as spin-off novels and huggable Teletubbies.

The actors' union, Equity, had negotiated rates for repeats of dramas on the understanding that these would be either one-off plays or film series. The BBC occasionally made short serials, some quite export-friendly, and offered all six episodes, or thirteen, or twenty-six, as a unit. Equity had rates for this as well. Up to three years after first broadcast, a play could be re-run with the actors getting a fair percentage of the original fee. However, for domestic consumption it was considered unlikely that an episode of a continuous series would be shown out of context. Once telerecordings had been made, there was no reason to keep the mas- ter-tapes, but the BBC nevertheless retained them just in case. It was only rather later - three or four years after first

transmission, when the Equity agreement reached its end - that the wiping of *Doctor Who* began. If the dates for most of these erasures are any guide, then Innes Lloyd sanctioned the wiping of most Hartnell stories. A few had "preservation orders" slapped on them over the years, as in the case of "The Dalek Invasion of Earth" and the working-tapes of "Shada"(17.6).

When *Doctor Who* ceased to be a continuous serial, and became clearly identified as a set of stories (from 3.9, "The Savages" on), there was the , option to revisit old adventures. But this only happened once. It was "The Evil of the Daleks" (4.9), shoved into the gap between Seasons Five and Six.This was so unusual that a reason for an adventure re-appearing on the nation's screens was scripted into the last episode of "The Wheel in Space" (5.7). Why did it not happen every year?

One obvious reason is that the lead actor had changed. For continuity purposes, the BBC and Equity concluded that if any stories were to be re-screened then only the current Doctor would appear. Anything else would confuse casual viewers, surely? The decision was reversed just as Tom Baker was leaving in 1981, so BBC2's *The Five Faces of Doctor Who* became the first season of "out-of- Doctor" stories to be transmitted in the UK. Again, note the early-'80s date. It wouldn't have seemed feasible even five years earlier.

So 16mm telerecordings of every story existed at some point until 1972. By 1978, when the library expanded to include videotape, no master-copies existed. However, four years earlier the 16mm copies were extensive enough to include "The Smugglers" "Galaxy Four" "Mission to the Unknown" and all four episodes of "The Tenth Planet". The makers of programmes that used clips from the series, such as *Blue Peter* and the 1977 documentary *Whose Doctor Who?,* had access to a lot that's no longer there. So what happened?

The theory put forward by the person who salvaged many of the copies we have now, Ian Levine, is that the BBC's left hand didn't know what the right hand was doing. Pamela Nash, the BBC employee who'd commissioned the telerecordings, authorised the dumping or incineration of the prints and negatives in the belief that the master-tapes were still around. This seems annoyingly plausible, but may not be the whole story. BBC Enterprises was

licensed to issue the copies overseas to be shown a finite number of times, in accordance with the Equity deals. Once ABC in Australia or WNET/13 in Buffalo had shown them that many times, the copies had to be either destroyed or returned. *Doctor Who* hadn't been syndicated like, *say, M*A*S*H.*

One other possibility is that the BBC was still smarting over the legal fall-out from the excruciating American re-editing of the fourth series of *Monty Python.* The BBC sued ABC - that's the US network, in this case, not the Australian one - in an attempt to stop the edit being shown. Obviously, after 1975 the issue of copyright and what could be done with archive material wasn't one to go into just by crossing your fingers and hoping for the best. It may be that Enterprises sought to limit the potential for more hassle by simply not having anything potentially troublesome in the archive.

The obvious next question, then, is: why was so much kept? One answer is that several episodes were made on video but transferred onto 35mm film for ease of editing, and so went to the main library. Another is that the clause in the export contracts about returning the films to the BBC, to be re-exported elsewhere, meant there were multiple copies of the most export-friendly stories hanging around (mainly the first two seasons). It would have taken ages to burn all of it, and after six years they just hadn't got around to disposing of every copy of (say) "The Chase'.' Meanwhile, some episodes were "borrowed" so that clips could be used in other programmes. Notoriously, one "J. Smith" signed the release documentation for the all-important last episode of "The Tenth Planet", and it was never seen again.

So, we end up with 108 missing episodes in 2005. We keep thinking that there's no more to be found, but material still crops up from time to time; in garage-sales, the cellars of Mormon churches in South London, small TV companies in Nigeria where the storage is haphazard, even in the BBC archive mis-labelled as something else. The worldwide network of *Doctor Who* fans now working as archivists or TV executives has uncovered plenty of other programmes destroyed by the Corporation, and we live in a sort of guarded hope that we haven't *quite* unearthed everything yet. Even if the gaps between discoveries are, ominously, getting longer and longer.

mission to the unknown 3.2

What Are These Stories Really Called?

So, to recap what we've learned so far. Until "The Savages" (3.9), each individual twenty-five minute episode of *Doctor Who* had its own a title, but the overall title of any given adventure was a nebulous concept. No story title was ever publicised, or used by the announcers. It was mainly a convenience, for the sake of writers and their agents, that groups of episodes were treated as discrete units rather than segments of one continuous serial. For the public it was noticeable that the music and location changed every so often, and a new setting would tend to bring in more viewers, but the lines were blurry and nobody even knew in advance how many episodes it'd take for the Doctor to complete a particular adventure and get off the planet. First-time viewers of "The Rescue" (2.3) must have been shocked that it was over so quickly.

Until 1973, any identification was on the *Friends* principle;"The One with the Daleks", "The One with Marco Polo" and so on. The programme-makers had their own system, in which Story A was the first four episodes, Story B the next seven, et cetera. Most of these groups of episodes had more than one director, so they were sorted by writer. (Designer and musical score generally followed, except at the end of one story and the start of the next. Listen to the way the music changes when the scanner displays Skaro at the end of... um... 1.1.)

Then the *Radio Times* published its tenth anniversary *Doctor Who* special, and all that changed. Here, stories were identified by the title of the first episode. In many cases this was good enough."An Unearthly Child" is better than any of the many alternatives, in that it puts the emphasis on the story being the start of the Big Adventure. "War of God" is a decent description of what happens in sixteenth-century Paris, and avoids giving the ending away (3.5)."A

Holiday for the Doctor" (3.8) promises less than "The Gunfighters", but "The Executioners" (2.8) makes "The Chase" seem far more interesting than it really is.

The next stop was the 1976 reprint of *The Making of Doctor Who.* The original 1972 edition described all the Doctor's adventures for the first time, and even listed them in a special table, but - and this seems unimaginable, now - didn't attach names to them. For the second edition, though, "proper" titles for the first 25 stories were finally put into print. And stayed in print, too, as unlike the *Radio Times* special it was on the shelves of bookshops for years. Most of the names that appeared here were the ones we find ourselves using today, a mix of titles taken from the first or key episode of a story ("The Edge of Destruction", "The Keys of Marinus") and titles which seemed too obvious *not* to use ("Marco Polo", "The Sensorites"). There were a few oddities, but nothing too startling/The French Revolution" (1.8) was the title you probably would have used if you'd seen the original press coverage in 1964, and "The Crusaders" (2.6) was only a step away from its ultimate evolutionary form. "The Dead Planet" (1.2) was a leftover from the *Radio Times* days, and its "official" change to "The Daleks" in the early '80s was puzzling to many.

But in certain quarters of fandom, these titles were deemed too accessible to be a good test of one's devotion, so new ones were brought in. Of course, hardcore fans didn't see them as new, but as the "real" titles straight from the production office; the titles that had been used behind the scenes in the mid-'60s, even if the authors had changed their minds from week to week. "The Dead Planet" was too vague, and "The Daleks" was too easy. Story B was, according to the documentation, called "The Mutants". Or "The Survivors" Or "Beyond the Sun" maybe. Nobody ever referred to "The Talons of Weng-Chiang" by its working title of "The Talons of Greel"or referred to "The Claws of Axos" by its working title of "The Vampire from Space" (even though it got as far as the *Radio Times),* yet this was considered an acceptable way to identify the early stories.

But - oh, calamity! - Barry Letts had wrecked it all by doing another story called "The Mutants" (9.4). With the same director and a score by the same composer, just to rub it in. The anomalies multiplied when Target books started bringing out books with names that went beyond the functional. They'd

spent the '70s coming up with brilliantly simplified titles like *Doctor Who and the Space War* (for "Frontier in Space") and *Doctor Who and the Auton Invasion* (for "Spearhead from Space"), but by 1980 the series was supposed to be treated with more respect. A couple of years later, they'd even stop putting *and the* in the middle. So when the Target version of Story E ended up being called *The Keys of Marinus,* the decision seemed too sensible to ignore. But were we going to start referring to Story B as *Doctor Who in an Exciting Adventure with the Daleks*? It didn't seem likely.

And so the arbiters of title-logic declared that only the production titles were valid."The Keys of Marinus" could stay, but from now on it was going to be "100,000 BC; followed by "The Survivors'; then "Inside the Spaceship" Stories with more than one production title were no problem, you simply went with... oh dear... the one that most people generally agreed on. If there was a way to find a more authentic title than any other, then it was by asking the surviving members of the production team/s what *they* called each story.

Except that they were no bleeding help. If they remembered these stories at all, then it was on the *Friends* principle. A man who spent six weeks getting paid for pushing Zarbi around a set in 1965 is going to remember being surrounded by dancing insects, not what it happened to say on one piece of paper in the production office. In 1994,fandom unearthed a document written by Dennis Spooner which explained the story so far to his successors, and the production code for "Mission to the Unknown" turned out to be rather unexpected. It had always been assumed that the episode had been a bolt-on to "Galaxy Four" and was thus "T/A" In fact, as a "Dalek Cutaway" it was designated "D/C" although in the contract for Mervyn Pinfield to direct them both it was listed as episode five of story T. Heated and pointless arguments ensued, but as it was only one episode, we thought we could just call it "Mission to the Unknown" and have done with it.

At the same time, the early stories were being released on video. And videotape is a *definitive* sort of record, in a way that novelisations aren't, or at least weren't by the 1990s. It could be argued that if the BBC provides the "official" voice of the series, then whatever the BBC video release is called is

the best title to use. Sure enough, the arguments have died down now that every existent story is commercially available and properly- labelled. "An Unearthly Child", "The Daleks" and "The Edge of Destruction" are the correct titles these days, no matter what *Doctor Who Magazine* once asked us to believe. (Interestingly, Stephen Cole - in charge of the *Doctor Who* department of BBC Worldwide in the late '90s, and the man whose job entailed everything from writing the back-cover blurbs for the videos to doing Dalek voices for trailers - once told *DWM* that the video release of Story C, when it eventually came, would definitely be "Inside the Spaceship". "Interestingly" because he had more control over these things than just about anyone, and yet he backed down at the last minute and went for "The Edge of Destruction". Did someone threaten him with a fat- wah?)

And as for the stories we can't get on video... the purists might balk at the names given to the audio CDs, just as they balk at the narration, but there's no point arguing unless devastating new evidence comes to light. Both "100,000 BC" and "The Tribe of Gum" are, at the end of the day, crap titles. They're also factually inaccurate, or at least misleading. The same goes for 3.5, or Story W if you prefer. "The Massacre of St Bartholemew's Eve" is just *wrong,* even if you know it ends with a massacre, which the audience isn't supposed to. It was the Massacre of St Bartholomew's *Day,* and even if someone happened to put "Eve" on the rehearsal scripts, there's no way it would have been OK'd as an official title if such a thing had been necessary. Some of the BBC's own paperwork calls it "The Massacre of St Bartholemew", but that's even worse; St Bartholomew wasn't massacred, he was burned to death / crucified / flayed alive / decapitated (delete according to your preferred version) some considerable time before the events depicted in the story.

Another possibility, though. In the late 1980s, a lot of energy was wasted in trying to figure out whether Season Twenty-Three was one fourteen- part story or three four-parters and a coda. If the latter, then what were the individual titles? And if the former, then was everything up until "The OK Corral" (episode four of "The Gunfighters") one long story, given the lack of over-arcing on-screen names? Certainly, most so-called stories in the early years bled into one another with cliffhangers. For the viewers, each year's run was one adventure. If we take the end of "Marco Polo" to be the conclusion of the first story, "The Reign of Terror" to be the finale of the second, "The Dalek

Invasion of Earth" to be the climax of the third... you get the idea. In which case, the first twenty episodes are *collectively* called "Beyond the Sun" and finally we can all use that title and mean the same thing.

It remains to be seen whether fandom will begin arguing in earnest over the "proper" titles of two-part Eccleston-era stories like "Aliens of London" / "World War Three" For now, though, we trust we can consider the issue resolved. For the purposes of this book, we've used the titles that you'll need if you try to get hold of the stories from your usual video / DVD / CD / cult media import retailer. Unless you really want to quibble about whether it's "Galaxy Four" or "Galaxy 4" The only question remaining is the title of the Paul McGann TV Movie (27.0); we know what we *could* call it, but there might be children reading.

Marrying Troilus: What *is* She Doing?

All sorts of odd anomalies crop up when you look closely at what Vicki says and does during her time on the TARDIS. One minute she's been thoroughly educated by teach-o-matic machines, the next she's Wacky Space-Girl who doesn't know the first thing about us primitive pre-hyperdrive types (c.f. Zoe in Season Six, who comes from the twenty-first century and is therefore confused by candles). Yet she knows her Earth history, and Popular Culture 101 must have been her elective study, possibly in pill form. So on seeing Greek and Trojan soldiers duking it out, she fully expects to see all the familiar characters, 'the Heroes' as she calls them.

In this regard, it's hugely unlikely that you'd spend a year on a world named after a significant character in the *Aeneid* without picking up on the significance of someone deciding to call you "Cressida'.' Dido, Queen of Carthage, was persuaded by Venus to fall in love with Aeneas (Venus' son) so as to get his ship repaired. Don't ask whether David Whitaker had this in mind when he wrote The Rescue" (2.3), because it suggests all sorts of nasty things about the relationship between Vicki and Koquillion. Unfortunately, Dido stayed enamoured after Jupiter reminded Aeneas to get on with founding Rome, so she killed herself and laid a curse on his descendants. And several centuries later, Rome *did* have problems with Carthaginians, especially one in particular who led elephants over the Alps.

So when Troilus mentions his cousin Aeneas to Vicki, it really should ring a

bell for her. She gives every indication of knowing the story at least as well as the Doctor - it's a well-known story, after all. Her part of it was written about by both Chaucer and Boccaccio in the fourteenth century, and Shakespeare in the fifteenth. It's not to be found in Virgil, though, nor Homer (about whom the Medieval / Elizabethan world was ignorant until 1354). The first English copy of Homer was published in 1611.

The point is that when the most famous versions of the tale were written, no-one realised there wasn't really a character called "Cressida" in the oldest accounts. She didn't enter the story until Benoit de Sainte-Marie's version, around 1150 AD. In Homer there's a "Chryseis"; Astynome, daughter of Chryses. And as we're sure you're aware, the accusative form of the patronymic is something very much like"Cressida". There's also a Briseida, who - like Chryseis / Astynome - is taken captive by Achilles. In the godawful film *Troy* she's the Rose Byrne character, turned into Brad Pitt's love interest because there's no way the attention he pays to Patroclus is even slightly gay, good heavens no.

But the other name for Brisedia is Ypodamia, and here Benoit gets all mixed up, portraying Ypodamia and Brisedia as two separate characters. The latter loves, then apparently betrays, Troilus. Boccaccio muddles things further, transposing a C and a B and inventing Cresyde, the "adulteress" described by Shakespeare and Chaucer. Those two gentlemen took the Trojan side, since Aeneas was indirectly responsible for the founding of the city of Troynouvant, or "London" as it was later called. This also meant that King Arthur was a Trojan, and thus the entire Tudor dynasty. This gave the Elizabethans the idea that they had a special destiny to punch above their weight. So it's likely that Vicki's home-planet was named by someone with a bit of a classical bent, unless the other worlds in the system are called things like "Coldplay" and "Moby" Going by "The Rescue" these are people with a Union Jack on their spaceship's tail-fin, after all.

Which leaves us with the problem of where King Priam plucks the name "Cressida" from in episode two of "The Myth Makers" and why Vicki-Cressida knows that Steven calling himself "Diomede" is a bad move but shows no sign of resisting her own fate. Still, this entire story is about things not going as planned. Given the differences between what happens to the TARDIS crew and the legend, there was every reason to expect Troilus to be bog-ugly or a ten-year-old. Or a bog-ugly ten-year-old. Or Tutte Lemkow with patches on *both* eyes. So maybe

Vicki's hoping that things will turn out better for her as Cressida than some of the accounts suggest.

As an alleged sixteen-year-old girl, Vicki isn't likely to resist fate once she *sees* Troilus. Even though - judging by the audios and photos - it seems he might hang his hoplon from the other hip, so to speak. However, in all the confusion of the fall of Troy, she seems to be looking for confirmation that the life of Cressida might work out for her. In the Medieval versions, Troilus dies, and Cressida is forcibly married off while enslaved. Here she escapes, gets Troilus out before the end (Vicki helps with his wounds, which may indicate a changing of history here, if you can overlook the fact that the Doctor's been busy *causing* it), and leaves for Italy via Libya. By the looks of things, it's her descendants who build the villa where she gets bored after her first trip in the TARDIS (2.4, "The Romans"). If she *is* following a script laid down by Benoit, then maybe Benoit had help. Maybe all those "confusions" in his account were added as pointers by the Doctor, who seems to have understood Vicki's motives without a proper farewell scene.

As an aside, the novelisation makes it clear that Vicki ***did*** live happily ever after, and that she and Troilus were still in love in late middle age. This comes from, as it were, the horse's mouth. In this version, Homer was an eye-witness - all right, ear- witness - but chose to keep the Doctor out of his published writings, as is traditional for historical personages who meet time-travellers. Yet even the novelisation doesn't mention the problem that all good fanboys will have spotted; that if the TARDIS translates local languages for the sake of its passengers, then Our Cressida may find it particularly difficult to understand her other half once the Doctor leaves. Even apart from a "generation gap" of two-hundred generations.

Which Sodding Delegate is Which?

This really is one of the big "pointless but niggling" questions of fandom, third on the list after the one about dating the UNIT stories and the one about Dalek history. The situation, if you needed reminding, is this. There are at least eight non- human delegates attending the Daleks' confer- ence/s in "Mission to the Unknown" (3.2) and'The Daleks' Master Plan',' arguably more. Thanks to publicity photos, we know what they all look like, and we have eight names to go with them. The challenge is to match the names up to the aliens. But this isn't ***Star Wars,*** and we don't have a range of action-figures to help us. Nor are the scripts particularly helpful, and just to make things harder, most of the episodes which feature these so- called "planetarians"are missing from the archive.

The rediscovery of "Day of Armageddon" ("The Daleks' Master Plan" episode two) made things slightly clearer, and ***Doctor Who Magazine*** (#342) published a handy delegate-spotters'guide shortly after it was unearthed. But even ***this*** was flawed. And that's hardly surprising; close inspection of the evidence reveals that the programme-makers themselves got it wrong, and couldn't always agree on which representative was which.

So, let's take this one step at a time.

"Mission to the Unknown"

In the draft script of "Mission" there were seven delegates at the

conference: Gearon, Trantis, Zephon, Malpha, Sentreal, Beaus and Celation. By the time the camera script was written, Zephon had been removed from the roll-call, and he doesn't show up until "The Daleks' Master Plan" So we seem to have six definite names for the other delegates, and sure enough, there are six of them in the publicity photos. They are:

Delegate #/. Resembles Ben Grimm from ***The Fantastic Four,*** with cracked, brick-like skin and a bald head. He wears a two-piece white ribbed plastic shell-suit, with black catheters running around the outside. For now, we'll call him "Brickface".

Delegate #2. A short, dark-haired humanoid with a zigzag fringe. His face is covered in sagging flesh and dark spines, and he wears a robe from which one hand emerges. We'll call him "Shifty".

Delegate #3. Resembles a black velvet version of the Christmas-tree-shaped air-fresheners you get in taxis, but he's seven feet tall and has glowing, slanted eyes. Notable for being the one delegate who isn't even roughly humanoid. We'll call him "Scarything".

Delegate #4. Has a silver jump-suit with Mondrian-style panels - ***very*** 1965 - and an egg- shaped space-helmet over a blank face. (We're uncertain as to whether this costume is the one re-used for the "dummy" target Cyberman in 5.1, "Tomb of the Cybermen" as is occasionally claimed. But it's very similar.) He also has giant sunglasses, and mitten-like hands. We'll call him "Blanko".

Delegate #5. Wears a sort of diver's helmet with a hose leading out of the front, a complex antenna on the top and a studded collar over the shoulders. We'll call him "Spaceman".

Delegate #6. Another spacesuit, but this one's taller. The helmet resembles a hollowed-out gourd, and allows the wearer's face to be seen, revealing wholly human features. The overall effect is not unlike a Teletubby. Given that he's the ordinary-looking one, we'll call him "Normal".

So, which is which? Well, here's the thing. Only one actor is credited for playing a specific delegate in this episode.That actor is Ronald Rich, who can also be seen in "The Time Meddler" (2.9). He's credited as Trantis. And photos show that Delegate #6, "Normal" has Ronald Rich's face. Therefore, "Normal" is Trantis. (This will apparently be contradicted later, but stick with it for now.) No character called Sentreal appears in later episodes, and "Scarything" doesn't appear in later episodes either, so we can safely assume that "Scarything" is Sentreal.

The others are harder to identify, but a piece about the recording of the episode in a 1965 edition of the ***Daily Mail*** referred to "lettuce faced Malpha". This could refer to "Shifty" who's got what might be vegetable matter hanging from his pores, but it more likely refers to "Brickface" This leaves the names Gearon, Beaus and Celation to attach to "Blanko", "Spaceman" and "Shifty".

(One extra complication here, as if things weren't bad enough already. In the finished story, a spaceship from the planet Gearon arrives, and shortly afterwards the representative known as Malpha takes his place at the conference table. The implication is that Malpha is the personal name of the representative from the planet Gearon, yet the list of delegates contradicts this. We'll gloss over it, and assume that Malpha was taking a break from negotiations while Gearon was arriving.)

'Day of Armageddon"

First off, there's a new alien on the block. Here we meet Zephon, an upright-walking plant who dresses like a monk. Since he's explicitly referred to as Zephon on-screen, and properly-defined (ish) as a character, there's no doubt about which one he is. The changes don't end there, though. For a start,"Scarything"/ Sentreal has vanished from the conference. "Normal" doesn't seem to be around either, and nor does "Blanko" but let's look at the full line-up...

Delegate #1. "Brickface" / Malpha, as before.

Delegate #2. A short, dark-haired humanoid with a zigzag fringe and serrated

teeth. He has a hunched back, and wears a ribbed pullover-style top, revealing two arms and gloved hands. In some ways he looks like "Shifty" from "Mission to the Unknown" except... he doesn't have the spines on his face, and his clothes are different. Nonetheless, there's an obvious similarity, so we'll I call him "Smooth Shifty".

Delegate #3. Zephon the plant.

Delegate #4. Has a PVC kaftan with a visor set into the hood, and a diamond-shaped medallion with a circle in the centre. The general facelessness suggests the same sort of alien as "Blanko", but it's a completely different costume, in black rather than white. We'll call him "Black Blanko".

Delegate #5. "Spaceman" as before.

Delegate #6. A pale, bald, humanoid being with black growths on his skin. In "Day of Armageddon" these form a kind of beard, but in "The Abandoned Planet" ("The Daleks' Master Plan" episode eleven, in which he's played by a different actor) they're all over the side of his head. His outfit has big black circular blobs all over it. We'll call him "Baldy".

Now we run into the big glitch. Trantis has a bigger part in "The Daleks' Master Plan" than in "Mission to the Unknown" and he's played by Roy Evans, who can also be seen in "The Green Death" (10.5) and "The Monster of Peladon" (11.4). And one look at the photos will tell you that Roy Evans is clearly "Smooth Shifty" See the problem? In "Mission to the Unknown" Trantis was definitely "Normal" but now he's played by a different actor, doesn't have the white Teletubby hood, and has a haircut just like that of "Shifty".

It's fair to say that the costume department and the writers weren't exactly on the same page here. The idea from the ***designers'*** point of view seems to be that "Shifty" and "Smooth Shifty" are one and the same, even if he's lost the facial appendages, which have been adopted by "Baldy'.'But as far as the script's concerned, "Normal" and "Smooth Shifty" are both Trantis. Indeed, the scripts for "Master Plan" use the same names that were used in "Mission" (Sentreal excepted),

while the design notes describe two "new creatures" for episode two. Presumably "Black Blanko" and"Baldy". Can we possibly make sense of this?

Well... just about. It all fits together ***if*** we assume that "Normal" and "Smooth Shifty" ***are*** the same individual, i.e. Trantis. Both are humanoid, and since "Normal" is wearing a hood in "Mission to the Unknown" we don't know that he ***doesn't*** have a zigzag haircut underneath. We also have to assume that the original "Shifty" and the later "Baldy" are the same, or at least, that they're both representatives of the same species (is there a change of regime between the two stories?). One is bald and the other isn't, but they both have similar growths coming out of their faces. It's important to stress that this is pure revisionism on ***our*** part, since the designers didn't see things that way and the writers were barely keeping track at all.

More clues emerge. The design notes for later episodes of "The Daleks' Master Plan" refer to Celation as "no hair, black blobs" so he's evidently "Baldy" The camera script of "The Abandoned Planet" states that Gearon was played by Jack Pitt (who also operated the Venom Grub in "The Web Planet" and the Gubbage Cones in "The Chase", as well as being William Hartnell's room-mate in his digs in Pimlico), and Jack Pitt is also one of the "new creatures" in "Day of Armageddon". So Gearon must be "Black Blanko" From this we might conclude - even if it wasn't the designers' original intention - that he's also the original "Blanko" but that Gearon put new gear on between stories. That leaves Beaus to fill the "Spaceman" role.

Conclusion...

It goes like this:

Trantis. In "Mission to the Unknown" he's "Normal". Then he gets rid of the hood (and ends up being played by a different actor) to become "Smooth Shifty" leading to understandable confusion with "Shifty". Awkward, we know, but it's the only way of reconciling the scripts with the design notes.

Celation. In "Mission to the Unknown',' he's "Shifty". Someone with the same facial fungus, but less hair and a weirder outfit, steps into his role later on. So Celation is both "Shifty"and "Baldly".

Gearon. "Blanko" in "Mission to the Unknown" then "Black Blanko" afterwards.

Zephon. The Triffid-man from "Day of Armageddon".

Sentreal. "Scarything" only in "Mission to the Unknown!

Malpha. "Brickface".

Beaus. "Spaceman".

The only hitch remaining is that if you listen to the audio soundtrack of "Mission to the Unknown" then Malpha's voice sounds strangely muffled, as if he's one of the planetarians who's wearing a helmet or visor. If so, then this would contradict both the ***Daily Mail*** piece and what we hear in later episodes, but there's no way we can be sure without seeing the original recording.

Let's see, what have we missed...? Oh yes. If you've read certain other guides to this subject, then you may have heard the name "Warrien" used to describe one of the delegates. According to the ***Doctor Who Magazine*** account, Warrien is the delegate we've called "Normal" (as ***DWM*** didn't recognise Ronald Rich in the photos). And yet... the name "Warrien" doesn't appear ***anywhere*** in the scripts, or in the design notes, or in the publicity material from 1965. As far as we've been able to discover, the name turned up for the first time in an issue of the fanzine ***TARDIS,*** some time after the fact. One prominent ***Doctor Who*** fan of that era has freely admitted that he used to make up names for things if he didn't know them. So it looks as if the moniker "Warrien" is purely an invention of fandom, used to cover the fact that there seem to be at least eight different delegates on display, even

though Terry Nation only ever came up with seven names. (Even so, "Warrien" appears in John Peel's fandom-tainted novelisation of the story, so it's a difficult idea to get rid of.)

What's Wrong With Dalek History?

Even apart from the nightmare of putting together a coherent chronology, anyone trying to make sense of the way the Daleks develop throughout their history is in for a rough ride. Not only is the main author for the 1960s someone who wrote his Dalek scripts on weekends, taking time off from his "proper" writing jobs, but three separate story editors supervised him. Each of them had a different view of how history and time-travel work, yet it's during this period that the Daleks have to make the transition from city- bound bumper-cars to the enemy of human life in every age of civilisation.

Here we'll be referring to our own chronology, ***What's the Dalek Timeline?,*** given under "The Chase" (2.8). In this account, some time after 3000 AD we see the Daleks experimenting with time- travel. In the Hartnell stories this is by means of vessels not unlike the TARDIS, but in the later stories "The Evil of the Daleks" (4.9) and "Day of the Daleks" (9.1) it's the kind of time-corridor technology later employed in "Resurrection of the Daleks" (21.4) and probably "Remembrance of the Daleks" (25.1). Stories after 1966 never feature DARDIS machines, and the conclusion of "The Daleks' Master Plan" seems to put paid to their use of specially-constructed vessels.

This last fact is interesting, especially when we consider the fate of the Daleks themselves. Overwhelmed by the time destructor, they appear to de-evolve. The Doctor ages a little, and perhaps "youthens" again, but doesn't regress to a previous evolutionary form of his species. Taking the hint from "Invasion of the Dinosaurs" (11.2) and other stories, it seems that the Doctor is able to negotiate time thanks to some genetic or mental ability. "The Two Doctors" (22.4) suggests a biological component to TARDIS travel, although

his statements on this subject are garbled and deliberately designed to bewilder the enemy. If the Daleks had a similar time-travel "gene" they would have been able to withstand this temporal drubbing.

Or would they? It's interesting that the Daleks dispatched to apprehend the Doctor, both here and in "The Chase" are special crack squads provided with a DARDIS. It's never stated that any old Dalek can glide into a time machine and go flying through eternity. The Daleks we see revert to mutant infancy on Kembel aren't the same ones who pursued the Doctor to ancient Egypt, but members of the main fortieth-century force. Perhaps, then, only a genetically-modified group of specialist Daleks can use DARDISes. This would

explain a lot. It may even be why those we see in "The Chase" are such a stroppy, undisciplined bunch. If they're somehow able to negotiate ever-changing time-streams and temporal flux, then they might have been introduced to concepts like uncertainty and choice. We know what problems these cause for right-thinking Daleks (see "The Evil of the Daleks"). Time-corridor technology may be less sophisticated and less controllable - "Evil" even suggests that such a corridor requires specific conditions at the destination-point - but at least any Dalek can use it.

From the Dalek point of view, the main purpose of time-travel is strategic, like space-travel. Unlike the Cybermen, they seem to lack the urge to undo their own defeats and give themselves a better past, and even the alteration to history in "Day of the Daleks" makes more sense if you assume it was an accident.They may have worked out that paradoxes and calamitous changes to the timeline are too great a liability. It's notable that in "The Chase',' they're never seen to exterminate humans from Earth's past, even when they might be considered to have justification - oh, you know who we mean - almost as if they've been primed to avoid doing too much damage to the timeline. Still, their orders have obviously changed by the time of "Master Plan" as they have no compunction about wiping out the locals at the Great Pyramid.

On top of that, it's easy to see why they wouldn't try to issue warnings (from a Dalek's point of view, "warnings" is synonymous with "orders") to Daleks of earlier periods. For a Dalek in 2157 to take orders from a Dalek of the 3000s would be inconceivable to the 2100 model; the time-traveller is inferior, a genetic mongrel. Note that even if the time-travel facility doesn't require

altered DNA, it appears that any form of time-travel has an effect on one's genes. Many of the freak effects seen in "Mawdryn Undead" (20.3) seem to require some form of mutation to the traveller, while the genetic damage done to Greel in "The Talons of Weng-Chiang" (14.6) is described as a side-effect of the time-travel process itself, not just the result of his machine blowing a fuse. We could also cite the Dalek using Rose Tyler's DNA to replenish itself in "Dalek" (XI .6). It identifies her as a time-traveller, and claims that as such her genes are super-nutritious. So by avoiding "free" travel in time wherever possible, the Dalek chain of command is maintained.

In our chronology, we decided that "Day of the Daleks" kicks off with events circa 3500 AD. This wasn't exactly a guess, but we were working on minimal evidence. We ***know*** the Daleks who conquer twenty-first century Earth to be time-travellers, and they don't seem to understand the process of time-travel very well, which hints that they come from the early DARDIS days of "The Chase'.'Yet they use something like time-corridor technology. We should mention that in "The Chase", we're never told that the DARDIS is the first time-travel device they ever develop; indeed, far from going "hooray, we've cracked the fourth dimension" the report to the Dalek Supreme matter-of-factly describes the completion of the time machine as if it's a straightforward piece of engineering. So the "Day of the Daleks" may predate "The Chase", and their time-travel technology may be in its infancy - a process simple enough for human guerrillas to use, but not quite controllable enough to be able to pursue the Doctor. Note that these Daleks seem obsessed with Earth, like those of the third millennium rather than the galaxy- conquerors of the fourth, and the weapons they give to the Ogrons are made from Welsh metal instead of Filidor gold. Or whatever other magic substance the Daleks prefer using.

But there's another possible explanation for all of this. We're assuming that the alternative timeline in "Day of the Daleks" is an accident (see the story's write-up for the reasons why), but what if it isn't? What if it's been set up deliberately, by for- ward-thinking Daleks of the future, as an attempt to start all over again? Since we've established that future-Daleks wouldn't communicate directly with past-Daleks, it may even have been arranged by far, far, far-future Daleks in the knowledge that the unsuspecting past-Daleks would simply exploit the opportunities offered by a vulnerable Earth. It may even be a back-up plan, an attempt at creating a bolt-hole in time in case the rest of the Dalek line is wiped out (see XI.13,"The Parting of the Ways")...

Are Steven and Dodo Related?

At the end of "The Massacre" an irate Steven Taylor is persuaded to rejoin the Doctor on hearing that Dodo's surname is Chaplet. He'd earlier stormed out of the TARDIS, furious that the Doctor hadn't acted to save Anne Chaplette from the butchery of 1572, but Dodo gives him hope that the girl might have (a) survived and (b) spawned. Aside from the overwhelming coincidence of the Ship landing in exactly the right spot for Dodo to stumble aboard, and the fact that after this we have to put up with another five months of Dorothea and her accent-of-the-week, this presents us with a bit of a problem. Anne was single, so surely any children would have had her married surname?

One possibility might be an illegitimate boy- child to carry on the family line. Anne was a good country girl, with a Mummerset accent to prove it, so she not only knew where babies came from but had probably delivered calves or lambs. Moreover, she was religious, or she wouldn't have been a target for a religiously-inspired mass-murder (although how far we can assume that all those who proclaimed themselves Huguenots were actively Protestant, rather than politically-motivated, is a question that's vexed historians for centuries). Now, one of the oddities of Story W is that each episode begins at dawn and ends at curfew. So we don't know what Anne and Steven got up to at night. But would John Lucarotti or Donald Tosh suggest, even implicitly, some naughtiness afoot? It's a family programme, Anne's clearly no pushover, and Steven rarely shows any interest in that sort of thing (mind you, just listen to him when he meets the Drahvins in 3.1; "Galaxy Four"). He would have needed help getting in and out of his hose, for starters.

The English census of the previous year, 1571, shows 5,224 "strangers" in the country. Of these, 957 were French. There were flourishing communities in Southampton, Canterbury and Sandwich, and three in London; one at Threadneedle Street, one at Tottenham (not yet in London proper), and one in the hunting park at Soho that was large enough for the French to warrant their

own church. By 1621 there were 10,000 "strangers" in 121 different trades. The 1592 Parliament had tried to stop the influx of asylum-seekers, and the Duke of Norfolk had taken action to stop them "robbing" his tenants of work. Most of the strangers were Protestant - almost by definition, in Elizabeth's reign - and were counted as "Walloons', i.e. from the Low Countries. Yet many of those fleeing France were using the Netherlands as a safe- haven, and customs were more interested in what the immigrants were bringing with them."France" at this time didn't include Brittany, Normandy or Picardy, all Protestant-friendly principalities, and the majority of fugitives from the massacre went there first until weight of numbers and pressure from their powerful neighbour made further evacuation necessary.

Given that Dodo's ancestors include someone with a name like Chaplet, there could very well be a Huguenot in her male line. Within moments of entering the TARDIS, she tells us about her French granddad. If so, then Anne must still have fled the country to have survived. A fugitive from France could feasibly have taken advantage of the confusion and lack of documentation to invent a husband she'd left behind. Once again, religious scruples have to be weighed against practicalities. "Thou shalt not bear false witness." Immigrants were more likely to be petit bourgeois than servant-girls, although a runaway shopkeeper could have taken a maid across with her.

Let's just remind ourselves of the numbers. Over the next three days, at least 2,000 Parisian Huguenots were slaughtered, and in the whole of France the total was 10-12,000 over the course of the month. What Catherine de Medici imagined would be a few political assassinations turned into ethnic cleansing, and politicised the survivors. So ***if*** Anne avoids a mob that wants her dead, and some highly-placed nobility who ***really*** want her dead (she knows far too much, and all this story needs to be a complete JFK parallel is for the witnesses to be mysteriously killed)... ***if she*** gets to London and ***if*** she finds someone with the same surname to marry who's not a blood relation... then maybe she's Dodo's great-to-the-nth-granny.

Alternatively, ***if*** she were so scared and excited as to be turned on by a life-threatening situation with a hunky Englishman and his quiff, ***if*** she overcame her scruples in order to jump his Protestant bones and then lie about

her marital status on arrival in London, and ***if*** she not only survived the threats outlined above but a risky sea-voyage while pregnant and the one-in-four chance of death in childbirth (not to mention similar odds against the child growing up, plus a fifty-fifty chance of it being a girl and not carrying on the family name), then Dodo is descended from Steven. Which makes the Doctor's line 'at least I taught him to take some precautions' more than a little ironic.

So, is that why the TARDIS magically homes in on the young Ms Chaplet? Was she TARDIS-fodder even before she was born? We know that the Ship's telepathic, that it has some kind of desire to look after its owner (9.5,"The Time Monster"), and that it often seems to make plans of its own. Given the Doctor's joy at having Dodo on board in the final scene, did the Ship deliberately drop Steven in 1572 to "breed" a new companion? Put one bun in the oven, allow to bake for four-hundred years, et ***voila.*** As good a simulacrum of Susan as a TARDIS can possibly manage. The Doctor even comments on how similar the girl is to his granddaughter, as if the Ship has specifically searched through history to find someone whose descendants might have the right genetic makeup.

But back in the real world, such is the power of the preceding three-and-three-quarter episodes that the trite ending is annoying even if you like Dodo as a character. With the massacre itself depicted in horrifying contemporary illustrations, and with the story's literary precursors all being works of ***grand guignol,*** the suggestion that Anne was brutally murdered appears far more in keeping than the idea of her making a clean getaway and starting a family in England. Before episode four, the audience would have been half-expecting her to become the new TARDIS crewmember, and surprise deaths are obviously in vogue this season. So soon after "The Daleks' Master Plan" and "The Myth Makers", her demise seems very nearly mandatory.

What's the Timeline of the Far Future?

Before we get to the timeline proper, a word about the end of the world. Which is, after all, where all of this is going.

Not including the solar flare damage described in Season Twelve, ***Doctor Who*** has either destroyed or pretend-destroyed the Earth three times. In "The Ark" the world is shown to burn, and the Doctor airily claims that it's at least ten-million years in the future. In "The Mysterious Planet" (23.1), it's revealed that shady powers have conspired to shift the planet out of its natural place in the universe, causing an almighty fireball which wipes out most life on the surface and leaves an empty space in... well... space. On this occasion, the Doctor checks his watch before announcing that it's two-million years in the future. Fan-histories have, on the whole, chosen to treat these incidents as two separate events. The Earth's destruction is faked in the year two-million (and the fakery may even be removed from the timeline afterwards, since the shady powers in question are overthrown later on), and it happens for real eight-million years later.

Recent developments have changed the picture somewhat. In "The End of the World" (XI.2), the Earth is absolutely, positively, ***definitively*** wiped out in the year five-billion, a date which comes from both the console of a fully-operational TARDIS and from the lips of the most fact-filled incarnation of the Doctor to date. There are many ways to ret-con this problem away, not least by raising the possibility that something changes the entire history of the universe between McCoy's run and Eccleston's, and there's some evidence for this on-screen. But if we're assuming that all ***Doctor Who*** exists in a single, coherent timeline unless otherwise stated, then...?

Then it's starting to look as if "The Ark" and "The Mysterious Planet" both refer to the same apocalypse. After all, the Doctor's 'ten-million years' assessment is a figure he comes up with off the top of his head, ***and*** it comes from a version of the Doctor who's less familiar with the history of the universe than his successors, a version who's prone to make up horribly overblown estimates when it suits him (his dating of the Ark sounds a lot like his demonstrably wrong claim about Dalek history in 2.2, "The Dalek Invasion of Earth", go back and check if you like). Nobody on the Ark confirms his estimate, and nor is there any real evidence to back it up. Furthermore, we never see the destruction of the Earth in the story. The planet starts to smoke a bit, suggesting the "fireball" of

"The Mysterious Planet',' but that's all. In addition to which, it's mysteriously described as falling into the sun, and we apparently see it hurtling through space as it's set alight. Whereas anyone would expect the sun to expand and consume it,as eventually happens in "The End of the World".

We wouldn't have suggested this until 2005, but from hereon in it's probably simpler to assume that the destruction of Earth in "The Ark" is a fake, and that what we see in "The Mysterious Planet" is the aftermath. There's nothing to contradict this on-screen. Given that Earth has apparently become a backwater in ***both*** stories, we seem to be looking at the same sort of future, unlike the one in "The End of the World" where the original homeworld has become a heritage-park. This idea flies in the face of so much accepted wisdom that it's bound to start arguments, but it really is the easiest solution, so we'll be sticking with it here. All right?

All right. Now for the timeline. For our purposes, "Far Future" begins around 3000 AD. Admittedly that isn't ***very*** far in the future, on the grand scale of things, but much of future-based ***Doctor Who*** has a habit of returning to the Earth Empire - or, as we might have to start calling it now, the First Earth Empire - which falls in the thirtieth century. See the timeline under 10.3,"Frontier in Space','for events up until this point. As ever, if you want an argument about any of the individual datings then see the entries for the stories in question.

It goes like this...

The Fall of the Empire. By the thirtieth century, Earth looks as if it's finished. Though still nominally at the heart of galactic politics, its territories are fighting for independence (9.4,"The Mutants"), the oppressed aliens of the galaxy are getting restless (23.3, "Terror of the Vervoids"), and the homeworld itself is just a big ball of polluted slag full of starving people. The Nerva beacon is built at around this time, and is apparently attacked by the Cybermen not too long after the empire's fall (12.4, "Revenge of the Cybermen"). What happens next is presumably quite messy, but after this comes...

The Federation. Earth is still a power in the galaxy, and important enough for its representatives to chair diplomatic conferences (9.2, "The Curse of Peladon"). But it's only one of many such powers, locked in a series of messy political disputes and determined to sort things out without any more wars. Whereas the empire seemed confined to the Milky Way, there are relations with other galaxies by this point (11.4, "The Monster of Peladon" and the back-story to 3.4, "The Daleks' Master Plan"), and intergalactic travel appears to be quite run-of-the-mill. (We should note that there's no on-screen date given for "The Curse of Peladon" at all, but virtually everyone assumes it's set somewhere in the 3000s. That takes us seamlessly into the next major era of Earth history...)

Dalekgeddon. By the thirty-ninth and fortieth centuries, Earth is unquestionably the dominant power in the galaxy again, but it's still quite democratic despite all the secret security forces and heavily-armed marines. Which is when the Daleks make a comeback, returning to Skaro (17.1, "Destiny of the Daleks") and planning an assault on the political body that's now known simply as the Solar System ("The Daleks' Master Plan"), with all sorts of shenanigans involving Davros on the way (21.4, "Resurrection of the Daleks" and 22.6, "Revelation of the Daleks"). Though Earth is less inclined to deal with planets in its own galaxy by now, humans are rapidly expanding into other areas of space, so most political agreements are intergalactic rather than interplanetary. The environment on Earth itself has been cleaned up, and the air's breathable again. But the Guardian of the Solar System turns evil and gets exterminated in 4000 AD, and after that there's a curious gap in our records before...

Ice Age. There was a crisis in 3000 and another one in 4000, so it's no big surprise that it happens again in 5000. But the planet's changed. In the days of the empire and the Federation, Earth was full of sky-cities and governed from population centres that covered whole land-masses, yet in this era the old

place-names make a comeback. Britain, Ireland, Iceland, Australia and the Philippines all exist again, and buildings from Ye Olden Days are renovated for modern use... something that's never explained on-screen, though we might assume that as more and more people leave for other planets, those left behind have the opportunity to reclaim the territory. Then the ice age hits.

(This is seen in 5.3, "The Ice Warriors" and mentioned by the Doctor in 14.6,"The Talons of Weng-Chiang'.'Some have claimed that "The Ice Warriors" is set in 3000 AD, mainly based on the ***Radio Times*** write-up rather than the script. But dialogue within the story hints at a date of 5000 AD; the Doctor describes an ice age taking place in 5000 AD in "Weng-Chiang";and the society we see in "The Ice Warriors" is consistent with what we're later told about 5000 AD, but utterly unlike the world of 3000 AD. Slam, as it were, dunk.)

The 51st Century. Things looks grim, in the wake of the ice age. There's very nearly a World War Six ("Weng-Chiang" again), and there's trouble in Reykjavik, for some reason. 5000 AD is also the time of the Great Break-Out, when more and more people start leapfrogging off across the solar system, understandably (15.2,"The Invisible Enemy"). While zygma energy results in a technological dark age, interest in time-travel obviously leads human scientists to get it right, as there are time- agents with American accents in this period. (XI.9, "The Empty Child" Actually, this is a bit contradictory. Greel in "The Talons of Weng-Chiang" is depicted as the victim of a flawed and experimental time-travel process, leading the Doctor to describe his era as one of appalling scientific ignorance. Yet Greel is expecting a time-agent, and as we learn in "The Empty Child", time-agents can use sleek time-travelling spaceships which don't seem experimental at all. We might guess that time-travel was developed ***before*** zygma energy, but was terribly energy-intensive; that Greel's method was meant to be a more efficient way of powering the process; that the dark age mentioned by the Doctor was a brief one; and that by the end of the fifty-first century, time-travel was a doddle. Nonetheless, it doesn't seem to have caught on. What happened?)

The Aftermath. Humans might have colonised an awful lot of worlds after the Break-Out, especially given the number of human societies visited by the Doctor which ***don't*** seem to be bound to any empire or cosmic alliance. Possibilities - and they're just possibilities, mind you - include Leela's world (14.4, "The Face of Evil"), where the psi-tri projections used by Xoanon

aren't unlike the sort of thing the Kilbracken technique might have produced (in "The Invisible Enemy"); the world inhabited by the Elders and the Savages (3.9, "The Savages"), where there's a very fifty-first-century interest in both time-travel and vampirism; and the 'pioneers' who are said to have met the Wirrn in Andromeda (12.2,"The Ark in Space"), who may have left Earth shortly before the time of...

The Solar Flares. Honestly, it's disaster after disaster. All the indications are that after 5000 AD, Earth is a bit of a backwater, with humans spreading out across the galaxies and those who remain behind becoming less and less imaginative. They may turn their backs on interstellar travel altogether, because when solar flares threaten the planet - probably quite soon after the fifty-first century, though this is foggy - they turn the ancient Nerva beacon into an ark and go into suspended animation until the crisis is over ("The Ark in Space"). And those who leave the planet aren't expected to survive, either, suggesting a real lack of interest in space exploration. The sleepers eventually wake up 10,000 years later, by which time off-world human societies like GalSec (12.3, "The Sontaran Experiment") consider Earth to be unimportant and think of Nerva as a myth (16.5, "The Power of Kroll" is arguably set in this period). We can assume that Earth is repopulated after this, as it seems rather pleasant and covered in greenery. But, wait! What's this?

The New Roman Empire. According to the Doctor, the TARDIS briefly stops off in 12005 AD before arriving in the year five-billion ("The End of the World"). He claims that the New Roman Empire is right outside the doors, but he dematerialises before we can see it. This is puzzling. If the Earth's inhabited in 12005, then it suggests the solar flares don't start until ***after*** this point, which is possible but a bit of a stretch. Alternatively, it could be that the "humanity has slept for 10,000 years" estimate in "The Ark in Space" is as overstated as all the Doctor's ***other*** estimates, in which case the New Roman Empire could have been started by the descendants of the people from the Nerva station. A third possibility, and perhaps the most likely, is that the New Roman Empire isn't on Earth at all (the Doctor is obviously moving the TARDIS through space as well as time during this sequence, as his eventual destination isn't on Earth either, although it ***is*** in the same solar system). Whichever version you favour, future-history gets patchy at this point...

The Morestrans. We don't know for a fact that the Morestrans are descended from Earth-people, but they investigate Zeta Minor in 37166 by their own calendar, and the Doctor speaks of it being 'thirty-thousand-years'

after Sarah's time (13.2, "Planet of Evil"). So if he's using nice round numbers, then it could well be 37166 AD rather than the Space-Year 37166. The Morestrans have inter- galactic travel that lets them go a looooooooong way into space, and don't even seem to know what Earth is, reinforcing the idea that the planet is of no interest to other human-types in the universe.

The Fourth Great and Bountiful Human Empire. Planned for 200,000 AD, this is described by the Doctor as the very pinnacle of human civilisation (XI.7,"The Long Game"), stretching across a million planets. Except that it doesn't happen, thanks to a bunch of time-mangling Daleks, and the subsequent destruction of several continents on Earth may well prevent it ever coming to pass (X1.13, "The Parting of the Ways"). The planet's population, at least before the Dalek attack, is ninety-six billion.

The Apparent End of the World. As part of an elaborate plot that even the Daleks would balk at, Earth is dragged out of its solar system circa 2,000,000 AD by amoral cosmic powers ("The Mysterious Planet") and renamed Ravolox... at least, if the Doctor's 'two million' estimate is any more accurate than his 'ten million' one.The world is consumed by a fireball, which a handful of inhabitants somehow survive, but others have already got wind of the disaster and left. The big fireworks display is witnessed by the Guardians of the Ark, oh yes it is ("The Ark"), while other refugees from the doomed planet would seem to include those who crash on Frontios (21.3, "Frontios"). Though the Ark's people have shinier technology than that of the Frontios colonists, both are surprisingly backward considering how far in the future we are. The Ark-folk speak of 'primal wars' aeons earlier, which took away a lot of their knowledge; it's hard to say when these wars might have taken place, or whether they're connected to any of the conflicts we hear about in other stories. Earth is almost certainly put back where it was once the Ravolox conspiracy unravels (23.4,"The Ultimate Foe").

Elsewhere. Of course, the refugees from Earth are just the humans who've been stuck on the homeworld for all those millennia. The other humans in the universe have moved so far afield, and are so much more advanced, that it's of little or no importance. Svartos, for instance, is in a group of Twelve Galaxies nowhere near Earth's "neighbourhood" (see ***How Many Significant Galaxies Are There?*** under 2.5, "The Web Planet"). We should also mention "The Sun Makers" (15.4), which sees human stragglers returning to a once-barren Earth after generations spent on Pluto. The script implies that these events take place millions of years in the future, but really, there are any number of points where

you could slot this story into the history of the solar system. As the Doctor seems to believe that Earth's destruction in "The Ark" is the real deal, and expects the workers on Pluto to have a home to go back to, it may be wiser to assume an earlier date than this.

The Real End of the World. Five billion years in the future, or 5.5 / apple / 26, if you insist. The sun expands, annihilating Earth once and for all ("The End of the World"). All the humans who went out into space have interbred with other species by now, leaving the last pure human to die on the same day as the planet.

While we've got our science heads on... for those of you who somehow can't accept that "The Ark" isn't the real destruction of the planet, and insist on ***three*** doomsdays, here's another possible explanation. Perhaps the discrepancy between the ten-million years mentioned in "The Ark" and the five-billion mentioned in "The End of the World" is all down to relativity. If it takes hundreds of years to reach a suitable new planet, then the Ark might be travelling below light-speed. So while the journey takes seven centuries from the point of view of the crew, it may take much longer from the point of view of Earth.

Precisely ***how*** long depends on where Refusis II is. If it's in our galaxy, then the furthest-away it can be is 80,000 light-years. The Ark, if we assume an acceleration of 1g and deceleration from the halfway point with a very short weightless period, could have been travelling for millions of years. Vastly longer if Refusis is in another galaxy. The "live" coverage of Earth's destruction might therefore take place in the year five-billion, even if the Ark left the planet in ten-million. The problem with this idea is that judging by what we see in the first couple of episodes, the vessel has barely even started its journey when the world burns, which throws the figures out a bit. Also, the Earth-death we see on-screen doesn't really match the 2005 version.

Occam's razor would, however, suggest that the Doctor's just very bad at dating things.

What Was Children's TV Like Back Then?

The simple answer is "ponderous" These days, with various badly-researched nostalgia shows providing a soundbite version, we've lost sight of several important aspects of British television for children prior to 1970. The first, and most significant, is that it existed at all.

Seen from the point of view of the first commercial companies, the laws governing what children could and couldn't see made it a waste of money to produce programmes specifically for them. As advertising to children was carefully monitored, and product-placement and sponsorship were illegal, there was no point either creating series or importing American shows that breached these guidelines. On the BBC, things were more complicated. By law the BBC had to provide something for everyone, and all programming was vetted in case children were watching. Anything unsuitable for children was preceded with a warning and a five-minute break in transmission, most notoriously ***Quatermass.*** Yet the BBC actively made programmes for children as well. So ITV companies began to follow suit, simply to avoid being left behind. However, there was rarely more than an hour of children's programming, and half of that was imported film series like ***Roy Rogers***. Indeed, once ITV arrived, the hour-long break in BBC transmission to allow children to be packed off to bed (the "Toddlers' Truce") was abandoned and middlebrow "family" shows were introduced.

The material broadcast before this curfew was, to modern eyes, unremarkable except for the number of crude marionettes involved, the leisurely pace and the comparatively low noise- level. This is, in itself, worth noting. That modern TV resembles British children's television of the 1950s to such an extent would have seemed unthinkable in the mid 1960s, especially in

America. British TV, unlike the US product, was largely untainted by market research and fashions in Educational Psychology. There were two dominant figures cited by "experts" back then: Jean Piaget and John Bowl by. Bowl by, whose background was in animal observation, came to be associated with the theory that maternal deprivation in early childhood led to what became known as "juvenile delinquents'" Governments trying to reverse the wartime trend of young mums getting jobs (nothing at all to do with making sure that male unemployment figures were kept down, gracious no) grabbed this and insisted that children needed their mothers around at all times.

So television was a social activity for children and parents, and making programmes ***just*** for young viewers was downright thoughtless. Even the BBC called its 1.30pm slot ***Watch with Mother.*** Yet the thing that appeals to young children is exactly the sort of thing that adults can't bear. Something repetitive, predictable and silly, but with long periods of waiting for something to happen - the formula which today's experts recommend - is guaranteed to make young mums go postal.

Piaget did even more damage. While the bulk of his work was fruitful, one truly daft recommendation which TV bosses picked up from him was that imagination needed to be kept in its place. You could have realistic elements over here, and fantasy elements over ***there,*** but on no account were they to be mixed. The pilot episode of ***Sesame Street*** was researched to the last 25th of a second, and met with the approval of educationalists, psychologists, TV experts and station bosses. Everyone liked it except children. Then someone watched children watching it, and suggested remaking it with Big Bird actually talking to Bob, and with Oscar's trash-can outside Mr Hooper's shop rather than in a separate Muppet-zone. You know the rest.

Rewind to the Eisenhower era. America had to keep telling itself, and the world, how idyllic everything was. European nations, who'd recently had a fairly large war in their homes, accepted without question that things were better than before and constantly improving. So to British eyes, American imported shows - especially those intended for children - looked like propaganda, in which everyone seemed to be smiling at gunpoint. Compared to this, French, Yugoslav or Polish children's TV seemed natural and familiar. And another thing: American shows had children in them. Children are

reluctant to watch other children unless it's in an otherwise odd context. As you might have gathered, everything American looked like science fiction to us anyway, but shows like ***Romper Room*** just wouldn't have originated here. (The actual tapes didn't make it, although British TV made an attempt to copy the format. It died an agonising death.)

Partly as a cost-cutting exercise and partly to avoid anything that looked like brainwashing, children's programmes were selected at international festivals entirely for their storytelling and visual appeal, then vetted afterwards. The BBC rejected ***Sesame Street,*** but bought ***The White Horses*** from Yugoslavia and ***Robinson Crusoe*** from France. Foreign TV was often redubbed, or sometimes simply narrated over the original soundtrack. We accepted this, as so much of the narrative was purely visual anyway. There wasn't an authority- figure adult ending each episode with a homily to the child protagonist, as we'd come to expect from ***Flipper*** or ***Forest Rangers***. In something like ***The Singing Ringing Tree*** (the massively traumatic East German fairy-tale, made by the same studios who'd made silent epics like Fritz Lang's ***Metropolis),*** you could work out the moral by listening to what the evil heavy-metal troll said and doing the opposite. If the content were so bizarre that a wholly new narrative had to be added for the English version, as was the case with ***The Magic Roundabout*** or ***Hector's House,*** then the apparent randomness of the incidents became part of the appeal.

British television, right from the outset, had been striving to find a form that wasn't cinema, or theatre, or radio. Its mode of address was both to convey the viewer ***to*** somewhere extraordinary, and to visit people ***in*** the intimacy of their living rooms. "lntimacy" is a key word here, because 405- line broadcasting was a dialogue with the viewers. For reasons we've discussed in this book already, the pace of the editing and the "grammar" of television was better-geared towards the way that children like their TV, with anticipation being the main ingredient. Even the gaps between programmes were exciting thanks to the "here it comes" element. Most station idents had countdowns built-in, and the BBC used a variety of clocks and minute-long graphics with music to keep up the suspense. Later on, this would be a large part of our experience of space exploration (see ***Did Doctor Who End in 1969?*** under

6.7,"The War Games"). Live-action programmes like ***Play School*** relied on stark monochrome sets and near- abstract props and logos, usually in black or white void-spaces. Within this "zone" adults behaving like children and unselfconsciously being fish or trains - while inviting the children to participate - was perfectly acceptable behaviour. (Children engaging with adults in this on-screen environment would have been a violation.)

The comparative crudity of the 405-line TV image made animation and puppets more viable, and silent movies or Laurel and Hardy weren't "oldies" but a basic staple. In fact, quite often the worlds created by animators or actors were deliberately retro. Machinery was either steam-driven or hand-cranked, and had visible moving parts. People had costumes rather than clothes, and these were an extension of the persona. Characters did their jobs because it was an element of who they were, not because they had to pay the bills. The word for this isn't "Utopian" but "pastoral" even when it's a town like ***Trumpton or Hatty Town***. (In the latter, people were hats on legs, and their characters suited the kind of hat they were. See ***Did Sergeant Pepper Know the Doctor?*** under 5.1, "The Tomb of the Cybermen" for more on this.)

Once again, the technical limitations imposed a logic of their own on the content, a logic closely resembling Victorian / Edwardian children's fiction. And, like the best of those books, there was an entire dimension that only clicked into place when you watched the programmes again as an adult. Very small children would watch for as long as the internal logic held their attention; after school age, they'd watch a puppet or cartoon show as much to admire the technical skill as because they "believed" it. ***Thunderbirds*** was basically a giant model railway for anyone who didn't think it was real. Children of the 405-line era accepted puppets and cartoons more readily than later generations, and continued to do so up to an age when today's kids would think they were "babyish".

The advertisers noted this, and made thirty-second slots that had catchy jingles and jaunty pictures which caught on with children, even though they weren't advertising children's products. The idea being that kids accompanied mum to the supermarket and saw the product, then proceeded to trot out the jingle and say "can we, mum?" By the late 1960s, this style of television was

turning up in the actual programmes. The theory was that a generation weaned on adverts and pop had shorter attention-spans, and therefore would prefer pacier editing and constant movement.

To everyone's surprise (in America, at least), this wasn't the case. When given the choice between rapid, random, pretty-looking pictures and something slow-moving that invites the viewer to guess what's coming, children will invariably pick the guessing-game. Piaget's former student and eventual rival, Jerome Bruner, deduced that children achieve mastery over cause-and-effect by telling themselves stories about what they see. Getting it right gives pleasure, but being surprised is funny. (We'll pick up this idea in ***Does the Plot Matter?*** under 6.4, "The Krotons") This is also accepted, now, by TV professionals and primary- school teachers. But in late 1950s Britain, nobody knew it from investigation; they did things that way because there wasn't really an alternative. Even if you bought into the idea of the reduced attention-span, it was impossible to make cheap programmes that catered for it.

The simple fact is that nobody in '50s British TV really knew what they were doing, in the theoretically-approved, Madison Avenue-researched sense. So in the commercial sector, everyone tried things and the advertisers decided what worked, whereas at the BBC it was just a matter of persuading one or two key figures that any given project was worth a try. Despite this, the success- rate was remarkably high, and there were fewer duds than the experts had made Stateside.

So, to recap. The key features of "Golden Age" children's TV in Britain were:

- It had no children in it, unless they were "neutral" observers of a crazy (adult) world, or a studio audience as in ***Crackerjack .***

It mixed fantasy and something-like-reality on an equal footing, often inside a created "zone" of abstraction or a "secret" place and time.

- It had an element of objects coming to life or taking on human aspects. (See especially ***Andy Pandy*** and ***Flower Pot Men.*** In the former, a doll and a teddy play are unaware that another rag-doll comes to life when they aren't around. In the latter, there's a weed that squeals ***weeeed*** and two men made out of flowerpots who say ***flobbadob- badob...*** no, seriously.)

- It took the contemporary and the nostalgic on equal terms.

- It had calm, measured voices, usually with a regionally-neutral BBC accent.T ypically the narrator retreated after the first few minutes, allowing the viewer the illusion of understanding another tongue, especially if it happened to be a made-up language like that of the Flower Pot Men or ***The Clangers.*** (Note that even the Master gets drawn into this in 9.3,"The Sea Devils?)

- It invited the viewer "in" as a participant, or at least allowed time for predictions to be made about what was going to happen next. A lot of what was shown was build-up, a process of "becoming" and anticipation.

- It involved a strong element of investigation and exploration, with a reliable eye-witness as a yardstick for a magic world, or an exotic country, or both. (This could include a narrator-figure who "explained" in character as one of the locals, most bizarrely Johnny Morris doing voices for zoo animals while playing at being a keeper in the inexplicable ***Animal Magic.*** See 17.4, "Nightmare of Eden", for ***Doctor Who's*** intrusion into this programme.)

- It presented the real world as marvellous - especially when we were the first westerners to see footage of something - and the imaginary world(s) as routine.

You can see how ***Doctor Who*** fits into this model. You can also see how today's big hits have come back to the format after various attempts to be "contemporary" In short, it's pretty much the template for modern children's television, most of which will be similarly baffling to adults in thirty years' time. But it's nowhere near as alien as ***Captain Video,*** or late-'60s "modern" television like the bits of ***The Banana Splits*** between the cartoons. The paradox is that now we have the technology to do it differently, it takes a conscious effort to make children's television which works for very young viewers without losing their attention; but back then, there was no option.

Did the BBC Actually Like Doctor Who?

You may well be thinking "that's a stupid question, they paid for it for 26 years'.'It'd seem an even stupider question if we'd used our original title, "Is ***Doctor Who*** Really a BBC Programme?'/ but this gets us to the core of the problem. The BBC's entire purpose and ethos, at least until 1980 or thereabouts, was radically different from the principles of any other broadcaster. The longer we look at this, the more unlikely ***Doctor Who*** becomes.

To get a proper handle on things, believe it or not, we need to go back to the mid-nineteenth century. Matthew Arnold - Schools Inspector, miserable poet and what we'd today call a cultural theorist - had a brilliant idea. Britain managed to avoid having a revolution in 1848, when everyone else did. Why? What had kept the proles from revolting? Arnold believed that the public, as a whole, should feel as if they belonged and had a stake in the nation. To that end, he tried to get the masses to "join in" with the best bits of capital-c Culture. Forcing people to go along with the tastes of the elite wasn't the issue; great works, and the attitudes they embodied, were by their very nature likely to alter the minds of those with the ability to appreciate them. Just giving the maximum number of people access to such things ought to be enough to maintain a harmonious social order. It's an idea that keeps cropping up in British culture, especially just after wars (see ***What Kind of Future Were We Expecting?*** under 2.3, "The Rescue").

By the 1920s, the issue was a live one again. Many people believed that the working classes were intrinsically unable to better themselves, and were genetically different, an idea taken to extremes by H. G. Wells in ***The Time Machine*** and expressed in the often-quoted statement "give them a bathtub

and they'd keep coal in it" (see 10.2,"Carnival of Monsters", for Robert Holmes' take on this). Yet Arnold's ideas were refined as an alternative. After World War I and the "land fit for heroes',' part of the reason for Britain being Top Nation was that we had a culture which made us... well, better. Everybody knew it, even foreigners. Americans may have told themselves stories about "Manifest Destiny" but we didn't even bother with a doctrine. It was just so ***obvious.*** Compulsory education included stuffing kids with uplifting culture, the psychic equivalent of making them eat up their cabbage.

Works were therefore divided into (1) those which were morally improving, and (2) the rest. The rest were useful to entertain, to get people into the habit of reading, listening or looking. They also kept struggling artists alive and solvent for long enough to develop their "serious" works. It's worth bearing in mind that serious works were often about working-class people pushing against the constraints of their upbringing. F. R. Leavis, the scholar most associated with this idea, put D. H. Lawrence and Thomas Hardy in the same league as Charles Dickens and Jane Austen even though the books of Lawrence and Hardy were "dirty" and offended church groups. This is the climate into which John Reith launched the BBC.

There are whole libraries about this subject, so we'll skip the period when Lord Reith ran the BBC personally. Instead, fast-forward to 1951, and the debates over commercial television. As we learned near the start of this book, a combination of Conservatives in the new government and disaffected ex-BBC staff led a co-ordinated campaign to break the BBC's monopoly over TV ("co-ordinated" down to word-for-word identical letters being sent under a hundred different names and addresses). The BBC was actually more keen on this than the government, as it'd relieve the Corporation of the burden of entertaining everyone all the time ***and*** providing "worthy" material. During wartime, the public had discovered an appetite for the latter, through BBC broadcasts to people in bomb-shelters and factories as well as free concerts and gallery tours. Whilst many Conservative ministers dreaded the "vulgarisation" of the new medium, in 1951 only 350 households had TV licences anyway. This increased tenfold in the next two years.

The clearest example of what commercial television might be like was America, and this worried a lot of people. The independence of the programme producer, and the broadcaster as a whole, was compromised. The

worst-case scenario wasn't overt product-plugging, however, but the sponsors' refusal to permit anything remotely personal, controversial or out-of-the-mainstream. Proctor and Gamble, for example, laid down guidelines worthy of Stalin. "lf it is necessary," they stated, "for a character to attack some basic conception of the American way of life [...] the answer must be completely and convincingly made some place in the same broadcast."

To see how bizarre this would have been to British audiences, imagine the last half-century's worth of British TV made under a version of this edict with "British" instead of "American". Goodbye to Monty Python, ***The Prisoner, The Boys from the Black Stuff,*** all Dennis Potter, ***Doctor Who...*** we'd be left with the test card and gardening. And later, the same manual states:"There will be no material on any of our programs which could in any way further the concept of business as cold, ruthless and lacking all sentiment or spiritual motivation." This is from a 1950s deposition to Congress, so it obviously wasn't policy with the sponsors of ***Dallas,*** but it caused a storm in Britain. At last, both sides agreed on something: what they wanted to avoid.

Churchill, still Prime Minister at this stage, derided commercial television as a "tu'penny Punch and Judy show" It's certainly true that the people vying to get hold of franchises were more from the tackier end of showbiz than the donnish BBC old guard. Nonetheless, they were thinking of their audiences rather than the potential market for products, but just catering to different requirements. Of the big TV companies set up in the pioneer days of 1955-60, most were talent-bookers and music-hall owners like Prince Littler and his brother Emile, or Lew Grade, or Sydney Bernstein. These figures have acquired larger-than-lifer reputations, yet they were no vulgarians. Emile Littler was on the board of the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford, Bernstein was an old associate of Alfred Hitchcock, while Howard Thomas at ABC created the BBC's wartime hit ***The Brains Trust*** (philosophers answer listeners' questions). But some companies, like Associated Rediffusion, were exactly as banal as many dreaded all commercial stations would be. Rediffusion was owned by a tram company, and hired a head of entertainment who didn't know who Bob Hope was when introduced to him.

Meanwhile, as we've seen, the BBC's fresh blood were on a mission to ask exactly the questions Proctor and Gamble ruled out. The description of

Tonight suits almost all of the Corporation's current-affairs or popular programming: "Quizzical, amused, slightly sceptical." The Matthew Arnold tradition still prevailed, with Sir Kenneth Clarke berating the new medium's intrinsic mode of address as "colloquial, plain or commonplace" and unsuited to the topics that mattered. Or mattered to him, anyway. Clarke had been instrumental in running those wartime cultural schemes, and his dissatisfaction with the BBC's approach to television led him to go and work for Lew Grade. He returned, chastened, and made ***The Age of Kings*** (an adaptation of Shakespeare's Plantagenet cycle... see 2.6,"The Crusade") and later ***Civilisation*** (the BBC's first big "look, we're showing you Michelangelo in colour!" series). We single him out as a sign of the tension within the BBC itself, but also as an illustration that the "duopoly" wasn't as starkly divided as many commentators think. Proof of this is the existence of ***Doctor Who.***

However, the version of ***Doctor Who*** that wound up being such a hit wasn't the one the BBC thought it was getting. Time and again, we see various BBC bigwigs attempting to rid themselves of this programme because it didn't fit their idea of what the Corporation is for. How, then, did it survive?

Well, it isn't anything to do with the ratings. The BBC didn't care about those until Michael Grade returned from America on a mission to lobotomise television in the '80s. The viewing figures fluctuate wildly and unpredictably until 1987, when any idiot could see that it was going to suffer from stupid scheduling. Audience appreciation is a less hectic ride, broadly within the 60% range. This is nearer to what the BBC believed to be important - namely that a section of the population was getting something it liked, and which no-one else would provide. But the BBC relied on its producers to second-guess what would work, not to research or dissect previous successes for hints on what to do next.

An important point arises here: when a producer within the BBC had any worries about content, that producer would contact an immediate superior. Instead of constantly being monitored, producers were expected to use their own judgement. All scripts were supervised and comments passed on before recording or transmission, but it was BBC thinking to show faith in a producer during recruitment, not production. This is worth bearing in mind, as many of the biggest rows started after a programme had been made and shown. If a

producer were BBC material, then it was implicit that he knew what was the right thing for a BBC programme. This is one of the reasons for much of what you've read so far. There was a feeling that Verity Lambert wasn't quite BBC, and that John Wiles - who was Corporation to the core - should have been more reliable. The management blamed themselves for their appointments, not the producers for being too populist and ratings-hungry, or too experimental and self-indulgent.

This was symptomatic of a conflict within the BBC as a whole, and here we get to another urban myth about the series. Huw Weldon's mum, or was it his mother-in-law, or his children... anyway, ***someone*** in the Weldon family insisted on a twelve-part Dalek story. Let's look at Weldon's track-record. He was a producer-turned-presenter, formerly with the Arts Council. He presented a programme for children before becoming a father himself, and did so with a starchy bemusement which worked miracles with shy child prodigies. He was the primum mobile of ***Monitor,*** a programme which assumed total ignorance but a degree of curiosity on the part of the viewer. Weldon's plan was to take the audience on a journey, explaining at first and then simply showing. He hired hungry young directors like Melvyn Bragg and Ken Russell, but did the interviews himself. This was, quite simply, the most BBC thing ever.

At the heart of it was the idea of exploring and narrating. For Weldon, television was about stories, and he used the example of ***Doctor Who*** in several speeches (or the same speech to several audiences, anyway) discussing 'the path into the unknown forest'. He also listed the Daleks as one of the Corporation's four achievements, and made repeated comments that they should be included wherever possible. When the idea of killing them off was floated, he growled about the reason that Evelyn Waugh's novels suffered: Waugh killed off characters too early. Weldon's mum, on the other hand, was mentioned as an example of why popular programming wasn't to be sniffed at. The two anecdotes seem to have been confused, but it's significant. If Weldon were the keeper of the Corporation's conscience whilst Director General Hugh Greene moved it into uncharted waters, then ***Doctor Who*** was what the BBC did, simple as that.

(Oh, the BBC's ***other*** three achievements? ***Maigret, Quatermass*** and

Gilbert Harding. Gilbert Harding? No? See 8.5,"The Daemons". Weldon may have been joking, but it's not the kind of joke he tended to make.)

Imagine, for a moment, an ITV version of ***Doctor Who.*** It's not as if the commercial companies didn't try, but only once CSO caught on did they really get anywhere, hence ***The Tomorrow People*** and all the teen-fantasy shows that came in its wake. In 1960s terms, a family drama series with a fantasy premise and vaguely challenging storylines wasn't impossible on commercial television. Dennis Spooner created half a dozen for ITC, but they were all present-day and broadly spy-based. More importantly, they all bore clear signs of a sales- pitch for the US and Commonwealth market, however prominently the "Made In Britain" stamp was displayed. A series like ***Doctor Who*** can't be sold unless it's made with production values unlike any US-manufactured show. Irwin Allen had managed to split up the time-travel and space-exploration aspects, with ***Time Tunnel*** and ***Lost In Space,*** but both needed hunky heroes, child prodigies, simpler stories and guaranteed income.

Lower-budget series about time and space, with elderly character actors as the leads, don't seem to have appealed. (LWT's 1971 effort ***Jamie*** looks like a bad joke, but almost got away with it. ITC's ***Timeslip*** manages to be simultaneously hilarious and profoundly boring.) 1960s ITV companies simply didn't have the solidity and domestic audience-base to attempt anything like the BBC's hit, any more than the BBC could have got away with making ***The Avengers.***

Except... to get a little ahead of ourselves, one of the hallmarks of Innes Lloyd's term as producer is that he seems to have decided to sell this series abroad. Seasons Four and Five can be quite calculated in their attempts to be export-friendly, and are international in their outlook in ways that are missing from the early years. Oddly enough, though, it's the Hartnell stories that appear to have travelled best until the mid-'80s surge of interest in the'70s "product" If you've seen clips of the Doctor and the Daleks arguing in Arabic, then you'll know what we mean. Sydney Newman had always wanted to make a series to beat the world.

Consider that for a moment. It's the early '60s. Newman has been brought in from ABC to run the Drama department of BBC TV. He's been hired specifically to make it all a bit ***less*** BBC, just as ABC hired him to make it less ITV Consider this also: Donald Wilson quits soon after getting the family Saturday drama show off the ground, and goes off to try his pet project, a John Galsworthy adaptation. BBC2 gives him the time and money to make 26 hours of it, thereby inventing the costume drama as we know it, and it sells globally. (See 4.9, "The Evil of the Daleks"for more on the impact of ***The Forsyte Saga*** on the landscape of British television.) There's no longer a consensus on what "BBC programming" means, just a consensus on what it's not.

Many in the BBC were horrified at the sheer volume of merchandising connected with ***Doctor Who.*** As some have noted, it's interesting that the content of the toys / games / annuals and the content of the programme seem almost totally distinct. We've hit on something fundamental to this essay, and all discussion of the series in the 1960s. The ***idea*** of the programme (as exemplified, perhaps, by the annuals) and the actual broadcast series were related, but sometimes very separate. The programme as a concept, the promise made to the viewers of what might happen, is easier to sell than the actual series. Any given episode is an example of one of the things the programme can do, but no one episode can live up to the expectations of the programme as a whole, and its place in the British viewing diet. The BBC hierarchy seems to have thought that while it was there, there was the potential for ***Doctor Who*** to do anything they needed a series like that to be doing. Like Radio Three and the fire brigade, you're unlikely to need it every day but thank goodness it's around. Some, like Huw Weldon, did indeed tune in on Saturdays; but for the rest, it seems as if they were happy to be in a Corporation that made it for someone else. That "someone" paid the licence fee, after all.

The Reithian / Arnoldian tendencies within the BBC saw popular programming as a sugar-coating for the Corporation's real duty to the public. Programmes like this were called "ground-bait" among the higher echelons. Once secured for the evening, the viewers would be more likely to remain seated for something they wouldn't have tuned in for voluntarily, and have their lives improved almost surreptitiously. (This ***was*** forty years ago. If you've

seen the sort of programmes that followed ***Doctor Who*** in 2005, then you may be forgiven for finding the idea hilarious.) It didn't mean that the popular programmes were of lesser value or made with less care, but they were there mainly to hold their own against commercial product and imports. The BBC paid £2,500 a week for 25 minutes of non-commercial adventure with a strong moral and empirical stance. The Drama department, as a whole, got about that much in revenue from Fluid Neutralisers and PVC Dalek costumes. Even though some would have objected to making money, and some would have needed ten times as much to keep such a tawdry series around, most were prepared to tolerate ***Doctor Who*** on those terms.

Is His Name Really "Who"?

The whole point of calling the programme ***Doctor Who*** was that one early version had him as an amnesiac; Lola McGovern, the teacher who became Barbara Wright in the redrafts, had to teach him English. In the finished version there's a line of dialogue, just after the Ship arrives in the stone age, where he replies to the name "Dr Foreman" with a mumbled 'Doctor who?'. These two words will keep cropping up in the series for years to come, although this is the only occasion on which the Doctor himself will use them.

The first film version makes no bones about it. Peter Cushing's character is called Dr Who, and he lives in a cottage with a TARDIS at the bottom of the garden, along with his granddaughters Susan Who and Barbara Who. Easy-peasy. The scriptwriters and the nation's kids all went along with this, as did ***TV Comic*** and the early ***Doctor Who*** annuals. The name on the end credits didn't do anything to dispel the idea. Later on, hastily-rewritten scripts took advantage of this, and wrote the name as "W" or "?" See "The Faceless Ones" (4.8) for the best- known example. Generations of British children knew that the lyrics to the theme tune were: "Where's Doctor Who? / He's in the loo / Doing a poo / It's a canoe."

Gerry Davis, on becoming script editor, seems to have thought that the protagonist's name really ***was*** "Who" Or at least that this was his ***nom de travaille.*** The first gesture towards this is in "The Gunfighters" (3.8), when he concocts aliases for himself and his chums. On giving the name "Doctor Caligari" (itself a rather suggestive pseudonym, as we'll see), Earp asks 'Doctor ***who?*** ', and the Doctor replies 'yes, quite right'. Tee, so to speak, hee. Either he's just having fun playing at "mysterious" as most people assume these

days; or that's his name, as people thought back then. In "The Highlanders" (4.4) he gives the name of Dr Von Wer, personal physician to George II. The note he sends to Zaroff in "The Underwater Menace" (4.5) is signed "Dr W", and it's clearly visible on-screen. In "The War Machines;' WOTAN insists that 'Doc torr Whooo isss reee quired'. Several times, just in case we missed it. Some have suggested that since WOTAN is tapping everyone's 'phone calls and computer banks, Ian and Barbara adopted this name for the Doctor on their return to Earth - as the novelisation of "The Daleks" suggested back in the'60s - and the crazed electronic brain assumes it to be his name. But if the Doctor himself is using it, or at least something similar, then this can't be the case.

Following Jamie's lead in "The Wheel In Space" (5.7), the Doctor soon starts using the name 'Smith, Doctor John Smith'. This is his official UNIT name, although Bessie and the Whomobile (mercifully never called that on-screen) have registration numbers indicating that "Who" still has some significance for him. By this time we know all about the rest of the Doctor's people, and the faux-algebraic names they use in the first edition of ***The Making of Doctor Who*** (hinted at on-screen for 10.1, 'The Three Doctors" and 20.7, "The Five Doctors"), chock full of Greek letters. However, before long we discover that they also have run- of-the-mill outer-space names like "Borusa", "Romanadvoratrelundar" and "Rassilon" Terrance Dicks comes to the rescue, and suggests in the novelisations that the Greek-style code-names relate to the positions they'll posthumously occupy in the Matrix. The Doctor's own code-name / nickname is Theta Sigma, according to Drax in "The Armageddon Factor" (16.1, and see also 25.2, 'The Happiness Patrol"). So at some point, even though his peers and superiors call him "Doctor" he seems to have had a proper name of some sort. Could that name have been "Who"?

One-syllable names aren't unknown. We have a Chancellor Goth, who - like the Doctor - is a Prydonian (14.3,"The Deadly Assassin"). Even if we assume that these use-names are shortened versions of more Romanadvoratrelundar-esque titles, and bearing in mind that at least one New Adventures author has repeatedly tried to insist that the Doctor's real name is exactly thirty-eight syllables long... we're still left with the idea that it ***starts*** with "Who".

One suggestion put forward is that on renouncing his vows, his original use-name (perhaps only conferred on him after passing his exams at the Academy) was removed from everyone's memory, to erase the shame. The Doctor's

people have always been given to amending people's recollections, often when Terrance Dicks is in charge (see 6.7,"The War Games";8.3,"The Claws of Axos"; 15.6, "The Invasion of Time"; 17.6, "Shada"). This gels with the conception of them as a priesthood or a convention of wizards, and the "crowning" of the Doctor as President in "The Invasion of Time" is very much like "Chairing the Bard" at the Welsh ceremony of the Eisteddfod. Yet everyone still remembers that he's a Doctor.

Is he? Drax seems to know this, and resents it, but how could our wild-eyed bohemian hero have earned it when none of the other over-achievers he meets have acquired the same title? Not even Borusa? The usual assumption is that he has doctorates from every worthwhile university in the universe, and some from Cambridge. Since the whole point of his character is that he's the only one of his kind who gets his knowledge in the field rather than from official records, there's the suggestion that he picked up his doctorate/s after leaving his own planet, but that's not the way Drax puts it. (A possible get-out: the Shadow has told Drax to expect someone called the Doctor, so Drax might not realise it's his old classmate until the two of them come face-to-face... assuming, of course, that he can recognise an old acquaintance after three regenerations. So Drax may only just have found out about this "doctorate" and doesn't realise that it didn't come from the Academy.) Just to confuse things further, we should remember that "Doctor" isn't necessarily the title he used prior to our first encounter with him in 1963, since it only sticks after Ian and Barbara insist on using it. Though he's certainly described as a doctor in the records of Coal Hill School. See also ***Is He Really a Doctor?*** under 13.6,"The Seeds of Doom".

Being called "Doctor" conveys learning but not scary learning. "Professor" is less immediately trustworthy. It also suggests attachment to a specific institution. In "The Daleks' Master Plan" (3.5) he denies being a professor, as he does repeatedly when Ace is around. That trustworthiness is also why so many villains adopt such titles, from "Doctor Caligari" (who hypnotised people, placed them in coffin-like "cabinets" and made them commit crimes) and "Doctor No" to "Doctor Mabuse" the all-purpose sinister manipulator. In stories like "The Reign of Terror" (1.8) and "The Power of the Daleks" (4.3), he's quite prepared to "trade up" to a better title when it suits him, and adopt the appropriate role.

In order to get even one of the many doctorates he claims to have earned, he must have published works in peer-reviewed journals. We might assume that he uses pseudonyms for this sort of thing, and he very nearly reveals one in "The Mysterious Planet" (23.1), unless you seriously believe that he's about to give his real name away to Peri after centuries of keeping it quiet. If he's anything like his study-buddy the Master, then he probably uses a name that means "Doctor" in Serbo-Croat.

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